

Saturday May 16 1998

Abu Dhabi D 8.50	Green D 5.00	Qatar CR 1.00
Amman US\$ 2.00	Guangzhou HK\$ 25	Poland Z 2.00
Beijing US\$ 2.00	Hong Kong HK\$ 25	Portugal E 200
Bombay INR 10.00	Indonesia ID 1,500	Romania L 2,000
Buenos Aires AR\$ 1,000	Japan Y 110	Russia R 20
Calcutta INR 10.00	Korea W 1,000	Saudi Arabia SR 20
Cardiff UK £1.00	Malaysia MYR 2.00	Singapore S 200
Chengdu CN¥ 10.00	Philippines P 50	Sri Lanka L 200
Cairo EGP 10.00	Poland Z 2.00	Taiwan NT\$ 200
Canton HK\$ 25	Qatar CR 1.00	Thailand THB 50
Chongqing CN¥ 10.00	Romania L 2,000	Turkey TL 100
Cebu PHP 50	Saudi Arabia SR 20	USA US\$ 2.00
Dhaka BDT 100	Singapore S 200	
Dubai AED 2.00	Sri Lanka L 200	
Frankfurt DM 3.00	Taiwan NT\$ 200	
Geneva CHF 1.00	Thailand THB 50	
Hong Kong HK\$ 25	Turkey TL 100	
London UK £1.00	USA US\$ 2.00	
Los Angeles US\$ 2.00		
Manila PHP 50		
Medan ID 1,500		
Moscow R 20		
Mumbai INR 10.00		
Osaka JPY 100		
Paris FRF 6.00		
Perth AU\$ 2.00		
Rangoon MKS 25		
Seoul W 1,000		
Shanghai CN¥ 10.00		
Singapore S 200		
Sydney AU\$ 2.00		
Tokyo JPY 100		
Yokohama JPY 100		

The Guardian

Printed in London, Manchester, Frankfurt and Roubaix

INTERNATIONAL

NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

In Saturday

Are you an animal?

European weather, page 2

Arts

Going to Cannes

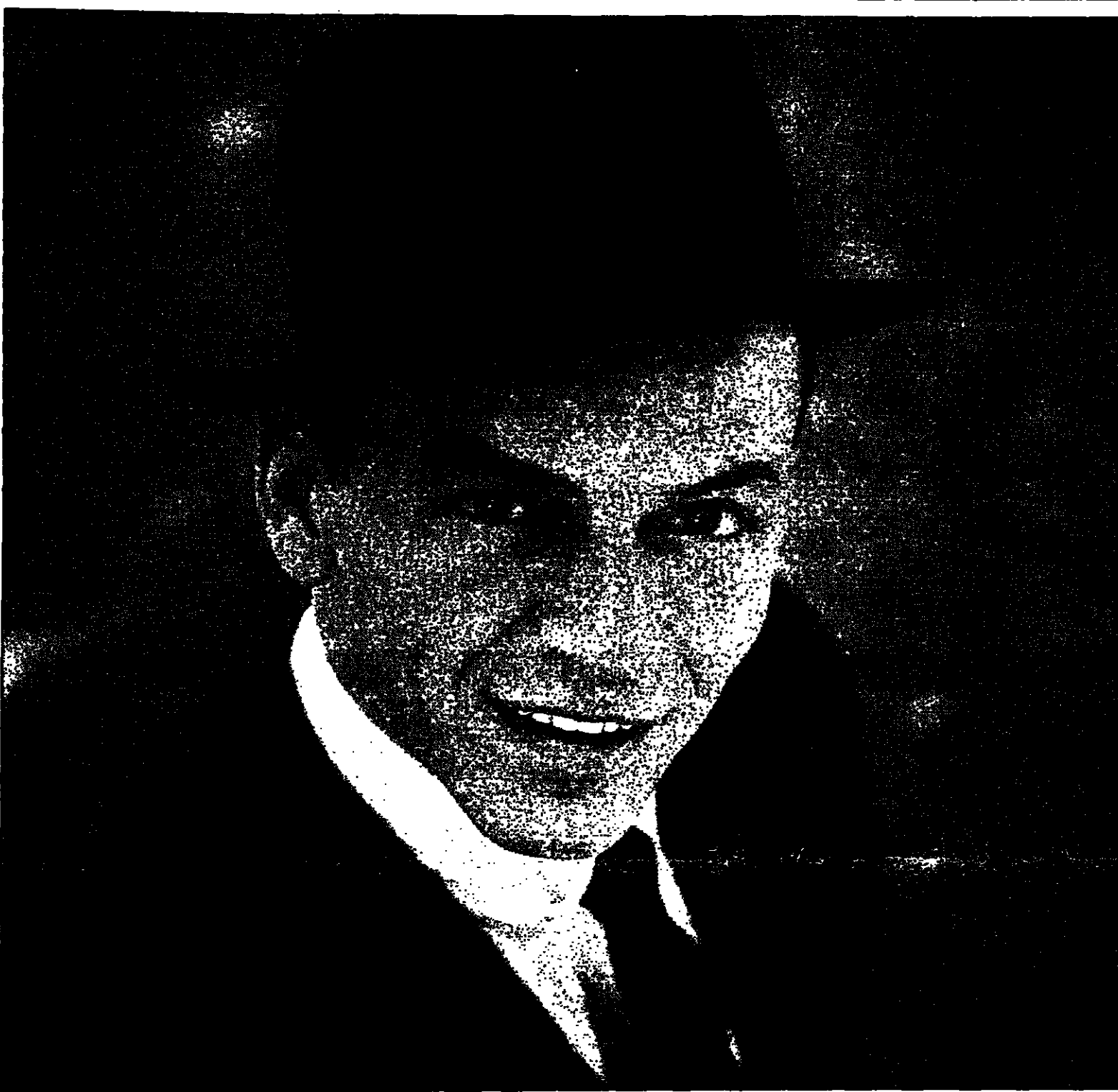
Saturday, page 18

Saturday opinion

Campaign for Real Wine

Comment, page 9

Sinatra dies



Frank Sinatra, who died yesterday at the age of 82 after a career spanning six decades and 1,800 records

PHOTOGRAPH: BOB WILLOUGHBY/REDFERNS

Tributes pour in as family feuds over a fortune

John Hazzard and Christopher Reed in Los Angeles

FRANK Sinatra, the incomparable romantic troubadour of the postwar years, the singer who "made our whole era dream," died yesterday at the age of 82 amid worldwide tributes of the rarest affection.

His end came in a Los Angeles hospital after years of heart trouble which had at last subdued his voice and ended his stubbornest comeback ideas. His on-stage career spanned six decades and 1,800 records.

After two heart attacks this year, he was taken ill at his Beverly Hills home late on Wednesday. He is expected to be buried near

his old home at Palm Springs.

Sinatra's death, with his family there to comfort him, leaves them divided into two camps over his financial holdings, estimated to be worth at least £150 million.

Signs of conflict surfaced even in the death statement which listed his fourth wife Barbara's son Robert Marx, a Hollywood lawyer, as a surviving child. This was although Sinatra's daughters Tina and Nancy, and son Frank Jr, blocked the singer's efforts to adopt Marx.

His children control rights to his recordings from 1960-1988, while Barbara and Robert are on the board of the firm that controls most of his recordings, Sheffield Enterprises, of which Tina is chief executive.

The two sides were in conflict in 1995 over the concert commemorating Sinatra's 80th birthday, and his daughters did not attend his renewal of his wedding vows with Barbara on their 20th anniversary last year.

These tensions stopped Sinatra gaining his final wish, personally collecting the Gold Medal, the highest civil award in America.

On top of four marriages, his life was dogged by denied but persistent charges of Mafia links.

But the Empire State Building — in the city where two of his hits, New York, New York and Come Fly With Me, were set — turn to page 2, column 3

Obituary, page 10; Leader comment, page 8

G8 split as summit opens

Larry Elliott and Ian Black

THE escalating crisis from India's nuclear tests and the violent unrest engulfing Indonesia are threatening to overshadow the summit of leaders of the West's most powerful nations in Birmingham this weekend.

The heads of the Group of Eight countries gathered in the Midlands last night amid news of a failed US attempt to defuse Pakistan's anger over the five underground blasts carried out by India earlier this week.

And with the G8 split on the question of sanctions against the nuclear testing of India but I don't want to prejudge what we will say before we've had a proper discussion."

Asked if Britain would back sanctions, the Prime Minister's spokesman elaborated later: "We see a need to combine that kind of approach with the need to keep the temperature lowered."

British sources have indicated they might seek European Union agreement to impose limited military sanctions while urging India to sign up to the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty and non-proliferation treaty.

Sharp differences between the US and other members of the G8 were set to produce little more than verbal condemnation of India's nuclear tests as the Birmingham summit got under way last night.

The Americans spent the day engaged in frantic diplomacy to persuade Pakistan not to escalate the already tense situation by starting its own tests. However, offers of military jets failed to sway Islamabad, which issued a terse statement last night making it clear that Pakistan would not back down from its hard-line position.

There was further disappointment when President Clinton arrived for the three-day event calling for a "strong and unambiguous" message to New Delhi. But Britain, France and Russia made clear they would not follow the sanctions imposed by Washington after the five underground blasts blew a hole in international non-proliferation efforts and threatened a new arms race in south Asia.

'I nearly choked on my tuna salad when Bill Clinton drew up a chair and sat at a table next to me'

Mavis Stone, 74, in a Birmingham pub yesterday

Tony Blair said: "There is huge universal concern about the nuclear testing of India but I don't want to prejudge what we will say before we've had a proper discussion."

Asked if Britain would back sanctions, the Prime Minister's spokesman elaborated later: "We see a need to combine that kind of approach with the need to keep the temperature lowered."

British sources have indicated they might seek European Union agreement to impose limited military sanctions while urging India to sign up to the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty and non-proliferation treaty.

Sharp differences between the US and other members of the G8 were set to produce little more than verbal condemnation of India's nuclear tests as the Birmingham summit got under way last night.

Russia, a long-standing ally of India and already at odds with the US and Britain over Iraq, has made clear it opposes sanctions.

Mr Clinton has imposed sweeping punitive economic measures that could cost India \$20 billion in lost loans, aid and credit guarantees. Japan has suspended new yen loans and cut off aid, while Canada has also announced some sanctions.

Mr Clinton said: "I hope we can convince Pakistan not to engage in testing. I'd like everyone to sign on to the test ban and work together to reduce the nuclear threat."

There was more agreement on the explosive situation in Indonesia, if only that outside powers could not themselves act to get President Suharto to step down. Mr Clinton said: "The question you asked is one the Indonesian people have to decide. What we do believe is important is that the present government open a dialogue with all the elements of society and that it lead to genuine political reform."

The twin Asian crises — over the past week — have meant the other big issues set to be discussed at the summit have been pushed down the pecking order. But Mr Blair is still hopeful of securing a commitment to deeper debt relief for the most impoverished developing countries, and of using the summit to put pressure on the US to make good its commitments last year to reduce greenhouse gases.

Indonesia focus, page 6
G8 summit, page 8
Martin Woodcock, page 8
Letters, page 8

Christie's faces lawsuit over £24m Sunflowers



The Sunflowers painting bought by a Japanese firm

John Hooper in Rome and Stuart Miller

CHRISTIE'S last night faced the threat of a multi-million pound lawsuit over its world record sale of Vincent Van Gogh's Sunflowers 11 years ago in the wake of renewed allegations that it is a fake.

An Van Gogh experts gathered at the National Gallery in London to discuss the painting's authenticity, an Italian art magazine said it understood from "reliable sources" that the Japanese insurance firm which bought Sunflowers was considering legal action.

The magazine, Quadri & Sculture, is to publish an article by Antonio de Robertis, one of the world's leading authorities on the Dutch post-impressionist, in which he

claims he has found seven reasons to prove the painting is not genuine.

Last night, Christie's said it had no knowledge of a potential legal action. A spokeswoman said: "Christie's sees no reason on the evidence so far to alter our opinion that the painting we sold was anything other than genuine."

Yasuda Fire and Marine bought Sunflowers in 1987 for a then world record price of £24.75 million. The purchase was criticised by Japan's finance ministry at the time as "an excessive demonstration of wealth."

Mr de Robertis, who attended yesterday's conference, is the second scholar in two weeks to dispute the work's authenticity.

He agrees with Benoit Landa, a French student of Van Gogh's work who published his arguments in the latest

edition of Connaissance des Arts, that what Yasuda actually bought was a work by the rather less famous Claude Emile Schuffenecker. Schuffenecker had earlier been identified as the creator of the painting by the British expert Geraldine Norman in a Channel 4 documentary last year.

Mr de Robertis said his seven points included the size and type of canvas, labels on the back which did not correspond to the painting, the lack of a signature, and an absence of satisfactory documentary evidence on two counts. The style of the work also showed it to be forged, he said.

"The whole painting looks foggy and stunned, with an effect contrasting the high-pitched, almost strident chromaticism of Van Gogh."

But Yasuda has stuck firmly to its insistence that

the painting is genuine since doubts surfaced last year.

The issue is confused by the fact that Van Gogh painted a number of pictures of sunflowers. The first, painted in 1889, hangs in the National Gallery, while others are in Amsterdam, Paris and New York.

Yesterday's conference was called by the Van Gogh museum in Amsterdam, which reiterated its conviction that the Yasuda Sunflowers are genuine. Bogomila Welch, a Canadian professor of art history and Van Gogh expert, agreed.

But doubters believe the tide of opinion is slowly moving in their direction. Ms Norman, who also attended the conference, said: "The pieces of the jigsaw are slowly coming together and the more I hear the more I am convinced it is a fake."

You can do something about debt. Act.

Christian Aid is calling for the backlog of unpayable debts owed by the world's poorest countries to be cancelled by the year 2000. This will give millions of people the chance to start the new millenium with hope for the future.

You can help by doing any of the following:

1. Join the human chain in Birmingham.
2. Sign the Jubilee 2000 petition.
3. Wear a debt lapel chain.
4. Fill in the coupon.

Please send me a copy of the Jubilee 2000 petition ☐ Debt Action Sheet ☐

Name

Address

Postcode

Send to: Christian Aid, Freepost, London SE1 7TY. www.christian-aid.org.uk

Christian Aid We believe in life before death

Call now on 0345 000 300

Christian Aid, part of ACT International Registered Charity No. 258003

Home News	Foreign News	Letters
How Northern Ireland will vote 4	Is the Sierra Leone 7	Commentary 8
Lawrence case 3	Business News	Opinion 8-9
	End of fashion 11	Commentary 12



Come rain or shine, the song was yours

© William Kennedy

The first of his 51 Brit hits was Young At Heart 1954, the last New York, N York in 1986.

ish
in
ew

50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
131
132
133
134
135
136
137
138
139
140
141
142
143
144
145
146
147
148
149
150
151
152
153
154
155
156
157
158
159
160
161
162
163
164
165
166
167
168
169
170
171
172
173
174
175
176
177
178
179
180
181
182
183
184
185
186
187
188
189
190
191
192
193
194
195
196
197
198
199
200
201
202
203
204
205
206
207
208
209
210
211
212
213
214
215
216
217
218
219
220
221
222
223
224
225
226
227
228
229
230
231
232
233
234
235
236
237
238
239
240
241
242
243
244
245
246
247
248
249
250
251
252
253
254
255
256
257
258
259
260
261
262
263
264
265
266
267
268
269
270
271
272
273
274
275
276
277
278
279
280
281
282
283
284
285
286
287
288
289
290
291
292
293
294
295
296
297
298
299
300
301
302
303
304
305
306
307
308
309
310
311
312
313
314
315
316
317
318
319
320
321
322
323
324
325
326
327
328
329
330
331
332
333
334
335
336
337
338
339
340
341
342
343
344
345
346
347
348
349
350
351
352
353
354
355
356
357
358
359
360
361
362
363
364
365
366
367
368
369
370
371
372
373
374
375
376
377
378
379
380
381
382
383
384
385
386
387
388
389
390
391
392
393
394
395
396
397
398
399
400
401
402
403
404
405
406
407
408
409
410
411
412
413
414
415
416
417
418
419
420
421
422
423
424
425
426
427
428
429
430
431
432
433
434
435
436
437
438
439
440
441
442
443
444
445
446
447
448
449
450
451
452
453
454
455
456
457
458
459
460
461
462
463
464
465
466
467
468
469
470
471
472
473
474
475
476
477
478
479
480
481
482
483
484
485
486
487
488
489
490
491
492
493
494
495
496
497
498
499
500
501
502
503
504
505
506
507
508
509
510
511
512
513
514
515
516
517
518
519
520
521
522
523
524
525
526
527
528
529
530
531
532
533
534
535
536
537
538
539
540
541
542
543
544
545
546
547
548
549
550
551
552
553
554
555
556
557
558
559
560
561
562
563
564
565
566
567
568
569
570
571
572
573
574
575
576
577
578
579
580
581
582
583
584
585
586
587
588
589
590
591
592
593
594
595
596
597
598
599
600
601
602
603
604
605
606
607
608
609
610
611
612
613
614
615
616
617
618
619
620
621
622
623
624
625
626
627
628
629
630
631
632
633
634
635
636
637
638
639
640
641
642
643
644
645
646
647
648
649
650
651
652
653
654
655
656
657
658
659
660
661
662
663
664
665
666
667
668
669
670
671
672
673
674
675
676
677
678
679
680
681
682
683
684
685
686
687
688
689
690
691
692
693
694
695
696
697
698
699
700
701
702
703
704
705
706
707
708
709
710
711
712
713
714
715
716
717
718
719
720
721
722
723
724
725
726
727
728
729
730
731
732
733
734
735
736
737
738
739
740
741
742
743
744
745
746
747
748
749
750
751
752
753
754
755
756
757
758
759
760
761
762
763
764
765
766
767
768
769
770
771
772
773
774
775
776
777
778
779
780
781
782
783
784
785
786
787
788
789
790
791
792
793
794
795
796
797
798
799
800
801
802
803
804
805
806
807
808
809
810
811
812
813
814
815
816
817
818
819
820
821
822
823
824
825
826
827
828
829
830
831
832
833
834
835
836
837
838
839
840
841
842
843
844
845
846
847
848
849
850
851
852
853
854
855
856
857
858
859
860
861
862
863
864
865
866
867
868
869
870
871
872
873
874
875
876
877
878

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Irish pig farmer defeated in IRA libel action

John Mullan
Ireland Correspondent

AN IRISH pig farmer was yesterday left with the stigma of being described as a leading IRA terrorist after he failed in his libel action against the Sunday Times over an article written 13 years ago.

The jury took 55 minutes to rule against Tom "Slab" Murphy at the High Court in Dublin after an eight-day trial. Mr Murphy, aged 46, was ordered to pay the newspaper's costs, estimated at £1 million.

It was the second time he had lost a defamation action over the article, headlined *Portrait of a Check-in Terrorist*. It appeared on June 30, 1985.

Mr Murphy appealed against his previous defeat to the Supreme Court. Two years ago, it ordered a retrial on the grounds that much of the evidence was hearsay.

The article alleged that the IRA army council had in February 1985 appointed Mr Murphy as its operations commander in Northern Ireland. It suggested he had authorised the bombing campaign that summer of British seaside resorts.

Mr Murphy, whose farm straddles the border at Hackballcross, Co Louth, was in the court throughout the trial. But he left before the jury delivered its verdict.

Sean O'Callaghan, IRA double murderer turned informer, for the newspaper, said he had met Mr Murphy

three times at meetings of the IRA's revolutionary council and the general headquarters staff. Mr O'Callaghan headed the southern command at the time.

Mr O'Callaghan told the High Court of a conversation at one meeting when Mr Doherty asked Mr Murphy how they were going to win the war. Mr Murphy replied: "Bomb them to the conference table."

According to Mr O'Callaghan, Mr Doherty asked: "But what about the Sinn Féin delegation?" Mr Murphy

'If Tom Murphy decided I should be killed, I would be killed. And that is the power he had at his fingertips'

retorted: "We never tell people where we are putting our booby traps."

He also spoke of a plot to blow up the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Dominion Theatre in central London.

Eamon Collins, aged 44, an ex-IRA intelligence officer and informer, said Mr Murphy told him that he was representing the army council at a botched IRA shooting in Newry in 1983.

Mr Collins said Mr Murphy was the most senior man in

the IRA he had ever met. He said: "If Tom Murphy decided I should be killed, I would be killed. And that's the power he had at his fingertips."

The jury also heard evidence which linked a false passport with his photograph in it found at his home during a Garda raid in 1989 to those used by several IRA terrorists. They were from the same batch of 100 stolen in Dublin and appeared to have been faked by one forger.

Among the IRA men using the fake documents was Gerry Kelly, the Old Bailey bomber who escaped from the Maze in 1983. Mr Murphy told Paul Gallagher, for the Sunday Times, he did not know Mr Kelly, now a Sinn Féin leader, and had never heard of the Maze.

Mr Murphy was stopped in 1984 in his car with Kieran Conway, named by Mr O'Callaghan as the IRA's director of research. He denied knowing Mr Conway or having spoken to him before or since. He said: "I was only after giving the man a lift."

He was arrested in his car in Monaghan the following year with Michael McKevitt and Kevin Martin, described in court by Mr Gallagher as IRA men. Mr Murphy said he had offered to give both men a lift home from a pub but had never met them before and did not know their names.

Supt Michael Staunton told the court that Gardaí in Dundalk and further afield would regard Mr Murphy as a member of the IRA. He personally believed Mr Murphy was a senior member.



The Sunday Times' 'Check-in terrorist': Thomas Murphy in Dublin. PHOTOGRAPH: AARON O'NEILL

Lawrence case police 'acted with suspicion'

Sarah Hall

THE best friend of Stephen Lawrence yesterday described how his life had been shattered after witnessing the stabbing of the black teenager by "racist thugs".

Duwayne Brooks told the public inquiry into Stephen's death that he had thought about his friend each day since the attack. "I am sad and confused about this system where racists attack and go free, but innocent victims like Lawrence and I are treated like criminals," he said.

Mr Brooks, aged 22, added: "I saw his blood running down the floor. He could not speak. I saw his blood running away."

Shortly before his description, Stephen's father, Neville Lawrence, left the hearing and collapsed in the family room. The proceedings were adjourned while he was examined by a doctor, who said he was "very overcome".

The inquiry, held in south London, heard that, on the night of the attack in April 1993, Mr Brooks and Stephen had been searching for a bus in Eltham, south-east London, when six white youths had approached. The ringleader had called out, "What, what, nigger", and then pulled from his jacket a weapon of steel or wood, the size of a rounders bat. "I saw [him] raise his right arm in the air... I saw him strike a blow towards Stephen. I heard Stephen scream as if in pain [and] fall," Mr Brooks said.

They began running, but Mr Brooks heard Stephen call out, "Duwayne. Look at me. Tell me what's wrong." "I looked back and saw blood on his jacket. I said, 'Just keep running', and he said, 'I can't. I can't.' When Stephen slumped to the ground, Mr Brooks rushed to telephone for an ambulance, and tried to flag down cars.

He said: "I was pacing up and down. I was crying. I was desperate for the ambulance. It was taking too long. I was frightened by the amount of blood Steve was losing. I saw his life fading away."

He said that the police arrived but seemed to be "repulsed" by the blood, and they refused to drive Stephen

to a hospital two minutes away. When he pointed out the road where the attackers had run, PC Linda Bethel "did nothing". "It was like she didn't believe me... she was treating me as if she was suspicious of me, not like she wanted to help," he said.

Mr Brooks, who has been diagnosed as suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder following the murder, said the police officer asked "stupid questions" instead of attending to Stephen, and persisted in believing the gang was known to the boys.

Mr Brooks denied police allegations that Stephen had been "goaded" into "standing his ground". He said: "I never knew Steve to fight. He wasn't street-aware of the dangers of being in a racist area at night. He didn't understand that a group of white boys was dangerous, or that anything would have happened."

The police also showed a lack of support and sensitivity, Mr Brooks alleged. They failed to offer him adequate protection. And the hotel, where he stayed, during the private prosecution brought by the Lawrence family at the Old Bailey in 1996, was in Eltham — the place of the attack and "the worst area of London they could have chosen".

On another occasion, Mr Brooks said, he was given the protection of a police officer who had arrested him for taking part in an anti-racist demonstration.

The hearing continues on Monday.



Neville Lawrence: 'overcome' at inquiry

Hardline loyalist terrorist group calls ceasefire

John Mullan

THE hardline Loyalist Volunteer Force yesterday announced it was calling an unequivocal ceasefire with immediate effect. But it said it was urging voters to reject the Good Friday agreement.

The LVF, formed 18 months ago, was behind a dozen sec-

ularian killings since the murder of its leader, Billy Wright, shot dead by the Irish National Liberation Army at the Maze Prison two days after Christmas.

The LVF said it wanted a clear period for people to make up their minds on the deal ahead of Friday's referendum.

There is no indication whether it will return to war

if there is a yes vote. The announcement could be tactical. The LVF might be seeking to benefit from the effective amnesty which will see terrorists convicted of crimes committed before Good Friday released within two years as long as their organisations maintain the ceasefire.

That would make eligible for release the murderers of Damien Trainor and Philip

Allen, shot dead at Poyntzpass in March. The life-long Catholic and Protestant friends were murdered as they discussed Mr Allen's wedding plans in a bar.

Tony Blair failed in his efforts to persuade Jeffrey Donaldson, seen as the weather vane of Ulster Unionism, to back the Good Friday agreement. David Trimble, leader of the Ulster Unionists,

said he was saddened at Mr Donaldson's refusal to switch sides.

Mr Blair had appealed to the soft No group, led by Mr Donaldson, with promises of legislation to ensure Sinn Féin was unable to take up its places in the proposed power-sharing executive.

Six of Mr Trimble's 10 MPs are opposed to the deal, and, according to a poll in yester-

day's Irish Times, support for the agreement in Northern Ireland is slipping. It put the yes vote at 56 per cent, down 17 points from a month ago, with those against at 25 per cent, up nine points. The undecided make up 19 per cent, against 13 per cent.

Disparate voices of village ravaged by killings, page 4; Leader comment, page 5



Be somewhere else this Sunday.

At the Halifax, for instance, talking to us about buying a home. For your nearest branch that's open this Sunday, call us on 0345 47 57 67 any time between 8am and 8pm, seven days a week. Your Yorkshire puddings may have to wait.



Get a little extra help seven days a week.

Halifax plc, Trinity Road, Halifax, West Yorkshire HX1 2RG. www.halifax.co.uk



Thanks to the debt one industry is now thriving in Zambia

Is there any sight more sad than a child-sized coffin? In just one four week period since March, in a single cemetery in Zambia, some 200 young children have been committed to tiny graves.

The effects of war? Corruption? A natural disaster? No. The cause is a man-made disaster: debt. The repayments bring already poor

countries to the brink, robbing families of food and medicine. The United Nations has estimated that 21 million children will die in Africa alone before the end of the century unless action is taken.

At Christian Aid we're taking that action, with a campaign to end the debt crisis by 2000. We'll be there at the G8 summit, lobbying for

change as part of Jubilee 2000. We need you to help us, starting right now by taking at least one simple action - add your name, wear your chain or join the human chain in Birmingham. If you need any further impetus, look again at that child-sized coffin. And imagine how it feels to be the mother of the child.

ACT NOW. Send the coupon or call 0345 000 300

Please send me a copy of the Jubilee 2000 petition ☐ Christian Aid Debt Action Sheet ☐

Name

Address

Postcode

Christian Aid, Freepost MR8192, Manchester M1 9AZ.

Please visit our web site www.christianaid.org.uk

Christian Aid
We believe in life before death
Registered Charity No. 254000

THE ULSTER REFERENDUM

Tommy McKearney, whose three brothers died in the Troubles, and who has himself served time for murder, fears a 'bad peace' which might mean war erupting again five years down the line

PHOTOGRAPH: KELVIN BOYES



Disparate voices of a village ravaged by killings

As Ireland prepares for Friday's referendum, **John Mullin** reports from a community where opinion remains divided

SEAN McKearney, only 18, was the first brother to die, identified only through his fingerprints. He blew himself up trying to bomb a filling station, a terrorist own goal.

Padraig was next, a more seasoned member of the IRA. He was cut down with seven fellow members of the East Tyrone Brigade as they attempted to destroy an unmanned RUC police station in Loughgall. The SAS was lying in wait. It shot and it killed, nine times over. An innocent bystander also died.

Then came Kevin. He was working in the family's butcher's shop in the village in which they have always lived when loyalist gunmen burst in. His uncle John, alongside him, took three more months to die from his wounds, succumbing on his 69th birthday.

Tommy McKearney, now 45, the eldest of the four boys, is the only surviving son. He spent 16 years in prison for the murder in 1977 of an off-duty Ulster Defence Regiment member, a postman lured to an isolated farmhouse by a letter the IRA itself sent.

He now works with released prisoners, paramilitaries and so-called ordinary decent criminals, across the border. He is recently married.

He wants a permanent end to violence. He would like to back the Good Friday agreement, but is unable to do so. His response is considered, rather than an emotional kneejerk. He thinks a bad peace is dangerous, and fears the deal's adoption might mean war erupting again five years down the line. He will be voting no.

So, too, will Joel Patton, aged 48, a father of four, who runs a garden centre. They say polars attract, and the two men could hardly be further apart. Patton, from plantation stock, sees the deal as republican, a sell-out of Ulster and his heritage.

He is an Orangeman, and is seen as one of the most uncompromising among the 80,000 in Northern Ireland. He admits to have been in the Republic of Ireland only twice, each time to catch the ferry to Rosslare.

Francie Molloy and Ralph Brown also each have four children. They will both be voting yes, but there the similarities end.

Molloy, 47, is a Sinn Féin representative on Dungannon council and played a key role in the negotiations at Stormont which led to the deal. He believes it can lead to a united Ireland.

Brown, 61, who runs a guesthouse and an electrical store, is supporting it for exactly the opposite reason. He thinks it will copper-fasten the Union with Britain.

There is, though, one matter which links these disparate voices: where they live. Moy in County Tyrone is, at first sight, a lovely place. The road notices proclaim its successes as Northern Ireland's best kept large village in 1992 and 1993.

Lord Charlemont, the English landowner, built it in 1784, and so local rumour has it, he based it on Bosco Marengo in Lombardy, northern Italy. Its centre is the Diamond, and around it are fine Georgian buildings.

One houses McKearney's, the butcher shop. Here it was that Kevin McKearney, 32, a father of four, was gunned down just after New Year, the first victim of the Troubles in 1992. He is buried with his two brothers in the village cemetery. Unlike them, he was not a member of the IRA.

His murder was in retaliation for the killing just up the street of Edinburgh University student Robin Farmer, 19. He was helping his dad in his sports shop. He died as he tried to save his father, a former RUC reservist.

Moy is no Greysteel, Loughinisland, or Teebana, similarly small communities which each became infamous through one savage act of terrorism. But it is awash with the memories of death.

It is at the heart of the murder triangle in Mid-Ulster, the fearsome sectarian battleground of hardline loyalists and dedicated IRA terrorists. The Moy, as locals call it, was, for a time, one of the most dangerous places in Northern Ireland.

No one is sure exactly how many local folk died. But at least 22 residents have been killed in the village, others, further afield. Some put the figure close to 40.

A detective explained: "The Moy is on the Blackwater, where east Tyrone meets County Armagh. The IRA has worked closely together there, and the loyalists, based 10 miles away in Portadown, brought the battle to them. Moy was caught in the middle. "There are several routes in an out, and lots of backroads. It was an easy place to target."

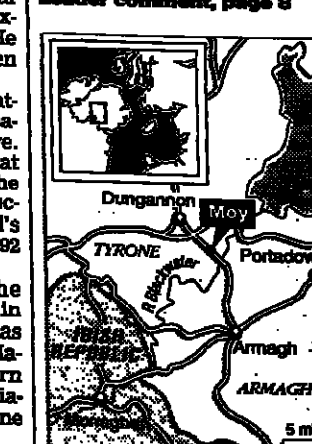
Some loyalists claim the nationalist community wanted to kick Protestants out of the village. Years ago, it was predominantly Unionist. Now it is overwhelmingly Catholic.

Billy Wright, who led the Ulster Volunteer Force in Mid-Ulster, was responsible for the fearsome loyalist fight-back in the late 1980s and early 1990s. He later founded the hardline Loyalist Volunteer Force and was murdered in the Maze Prison.

As mysteriously as it had begun, the killing in Moy stopped. Relations between Catholic and Protestant, most locals say, are no longer under such strain.

There is a sense of real excitement as the referendum approaches. Martin O'Brien, a barrister involved in community projects, said: "People who have not bothered to vote for years are saying they want to be first in the queue. I think it is safe to infer from that they will be voting yes."

Leader comment, page 8



Joel Patton, an Orangeman who sees the peace deal as a sell-out of Ulster and his heritage

PHOTOGRAPH: KELVIN BOYES



The Nationalist refusenik

TOMMY McKearney, 45, is married with no children, and works with released prisoners. Three of his brothers have been killed in the Troubles. He plans to vote no.

"I look at the deal in terms of whether it is a reasonable settlement, rather than whether everything that has happened has been worth it. I judge it in terms of whether it can prevent trouble in the future."

"There is such a bitter residue left. The sores are still open. My generation has grown too exhausted to continue a physical fight. But among the younger people there is an anger that is very real. It is noticeable at times like Drumcree."

"Against that background, the settlement is a

bridge too short. When the window of opportunity was there, we should have made more progress on ending the Union with Britain. I am not necessarily talking about a united Ireland, but there was no attempt to look at imaginative solutions. Like a confederated or federated Ireland. There were tantalising prospects which would have given us a final solution."

"We have left that element to sour what is happening now. There is an acceptably high risk that it could flare up again in a few years time. The British might not be making the same mistakes as they did, but unexpected events can always arise."

"What will happen this year at Drumcree? A bad peace can be very, very risky, and, with regret, I am unequivocally saying no."

The Loyalist refusenik

JOEL Patton, aged 48, is married with four children. He is leader of the hardline Spirit of Drumcree Group and plans to vote no.

"My family has lived in the area for 300 years. It was 75 per cent Protestant when I was growing up. "I had Catholic friends. I used to play full-back for Dungannon Swifts, and it was mixed in a spontaneous way. Nothing was forced."

"Moy has changed through the Troubles. Violence undermined the confidence of the Protestant community. Many of the younger people left."

"The shooting of George Elliott, the then deputy district master, had a big effect. He was a father figure to me. We were shocked, but I was determined that what he stood for would not be lost. But there was a tremendous loss of confidence

in the Protestant community. "People say I am a hard-liner. I don't really think I am. I just think that we are being sold out, and I have to stand up for what I believe in. There just isn't an option for me."

"From page to page, this agreement is a green document. It follows an IRA agenda. The only basis to it is to keep the IRA on board and keep violence from the streets of London. That makes me very angry. It is so cynical. There is nothing in it at all for me as a Unionist or as a British citizen."

"I would claim to represent the majority of Unionist opinion. The majority of republicans see it as a transition to a united Ireland, and I agree with them. It is. The deal will submerge my identity. I am fighting for my survival."

The Sinn Féin negotiator

FRANCIE Molloy, 47, a father of four, was a key member of Sinn Féin's negotiating team at Stormont. He plans to vote yes.

"I still live in a Protestant area. I've had the odd stone thrown at the house, but that's about it."

"When I was working as a self-employed welder, I did a lot of work for farmers, mostly Protestants. I was involved in the hunger-strike campaign, and they would understand when I said I couldn't come in the following day because I had to go to a funeral. I'd just come in the day after and take up where I left off."

"There were two distinct terror campaigns in Moy, one in the seventies and the other in the late eighties-early nineties. It was real terrorism. They picked on the elderly and defenceless to ram the message home."

"Charles Fox was at my house until I am the night before he was shot. We had been talking about my personal security. The day after his funeral, Billy Wright came in and had his lunch in the same place as the family had had the meal."

"This is still a very tense village. I don't believe attitudes have changed too much."

"We don't see this agreement as a settlement. We see it as a springboard. It is not the goal. It is the mechanism to a goal."

"The next two years will see whether accommodation can be found or not. We will go into the assembly, not just with a view to increasing the powers and scope of the cross-border bodies, but also to deliver for our people in the north of Ireland. We have to."

The Unionist shopkeeper

RALPH Brown, 61, father of four, owns a shop in Dungannon and a guesthouse in Moy. He plans to vote yes.

"My father opened this shop in 1946. We've seen quite a bit of the Troubles. We seemed to be getting blown up every few weeks in the mid-seventies. "I think we were badly affected by 34 or 35 explosions. We had to rebuild the shop from the ground up 11 times."

"One of my worst experiences in Moy would have been in 1972. The Dobson brothers were shot dead in the offices of their business. The IRA walked in and killed them at their desks. Robert would have been at my wedding. He was a close friend. It does stum you."

"From the outside, Moy probably looked like a very frightening place. But in practice, that couldn't have been further from the truth."

"The friendships between locals across the religious divide continued through-out. No one ever suggested locals were behind any of the killings in the village. They were by people from the outside. Community relations have always been in reasonable shape."

"You look at the deal, and you can pick holes in parts of it. But Tony Blair has impressed me. I trust him and his Government to ensure that the necessary safeguards will be in place. The main point is that it will move things on."

online

Every Thursday in the
The Guardian

Crisis in Indonesia

A soldier stands guard in front of the Yogya department store in the Indonesian capital Jakarta yesterday, after at least 175 people were killed in the rioting that followed student protests — many in fires set by looters in shops and malls.

PHOTOGRAPH: STEVE SANFORD



Countdown begins to Suharto exit

As party cronies turn against him, the president's fate rests with the divided military, writes **Andrew Higgins** in Jakarta

IT WAS a feeble challenge: a rambling 28-page pamphlet comparing President Suharto to the 10-faced king of a shadow puppet epic. But only a week ago the former army quartermaster who has governed Indonesia for 32 years still worried about trivial *like-majesty*. The booklet was banned.

Yesterday, back in Jakarta after an abruptly abbreviated trip to Egypt and a whirlwind of chaos in his capital, Mr Suharto held emergency talks with his military chiefs. Figue at a 78-year-old scoldier had given way to the agony of an anarchic revolt.

His presidential palace protected by tanks and armoured cars, the welfare ministry of his daughter gutted by fire, the home of a crony tycoon reduced to a charred ruin, the world's longest-serving ruler after Fidel Castro now grasped the economy have dried up. The political landscape is even more barren, pruned of all opposition and bereft of any organised alternative, other than the military.

Unlike Iran in the last days of the Shah, there is no one with the charisma of Ayatollah Khomeini. He was a Siakaputri, one of two principal opposition figures, has some of the prestige that helped Corazon Aquino to oust Ferdinand Marcos in the Philippines. Just as Mrs Aquino took over the mantle of her assassinated husband, Mrs Megawati inherited the following of her ousted father, Indonesia's first president, Sukarno. But she has little flare for politics.

Romania may be a better parallel. When a bloody uprising toppled Nicolae Ceausescu, his power fell to a junta dominated by former loyalists in the secret police and armed forces.

All that can thrive in the sterile terrain created by Mr Suharto is the mayhem that began last week in Medan, north Sumatra, and spread to Jakarta after security forces shot dead six students on Tuesday at the capital's Trisakti University.

"The people here never had any lessons in politics. To protest for them is to burn," said Hariman Siregar, a doctor who helped lead a doomed student revolt in 1974 and spent three years in jail. "This is what we can do: develop without change. So long as the economy was going up we were fine. But what is left of Asian values now? Looting and burning."

When mob-rule took hold of Jakarta on Thursday, Dr Hariman was meeting with other veteran activists at the University of Indonesia's medical faculty, the focal point of both his own failed campaign and the 1966 student-led uprising that brought Mr Suharto to power. Yesterday its morgue contained the corpses of about 175 people incinerated in the battle to remove him.

They argued over how long it would take for Mr Suharto to step down. But no one doubted he would go. "The crucial point now is not whether he steps down but when," said Gultard Wiknassastro, an obstetrician.

The timing rests with the generals. "Everything now depends on one factor: the military," said Kwik Kian Gie, an adviser to Mrs Megawati. But the military is split into feuding fiefdoms.

The troops patrolling ravaged streets have clearly de-

clared their allegiance. They wear the green berets of the strategic reserve command, commanded by President Suharto's son-in-law, Prabowo Subianto. Marines who shook hands with protesters on Thursday have vanished.

There is speculation of a split between Gen Prabowo, a veteran of East Timor with a reputation for brutality, and General Wiranto, the more popular commander of the armed forces. Gen Wiranto has described the reform demands of protesting students as "normal" and "moral". He also offered a formal apology for the killing of six students at Trisakti.

Before leaving Cairo, President Suharto mumbled enigmatically: "If I am no longer trusted, I will become a sage." Such a role, he said, would allow him "to get closer to Allah". Yesterday in Jakarta, though, his main concern was staying close to power.

A politician of legendary cunning, he revoked fuel price increases mandated by the International Monetary Fund. The move suggests a dual purpose: to shift the blame for economic hardship

to the IMF and rupture a bail-out accord which, if ever fully implemented, would tear out the corrupt core of his regime. Having already reneged on two earlier IMF deals, he is playing a dangerous game of chicken.

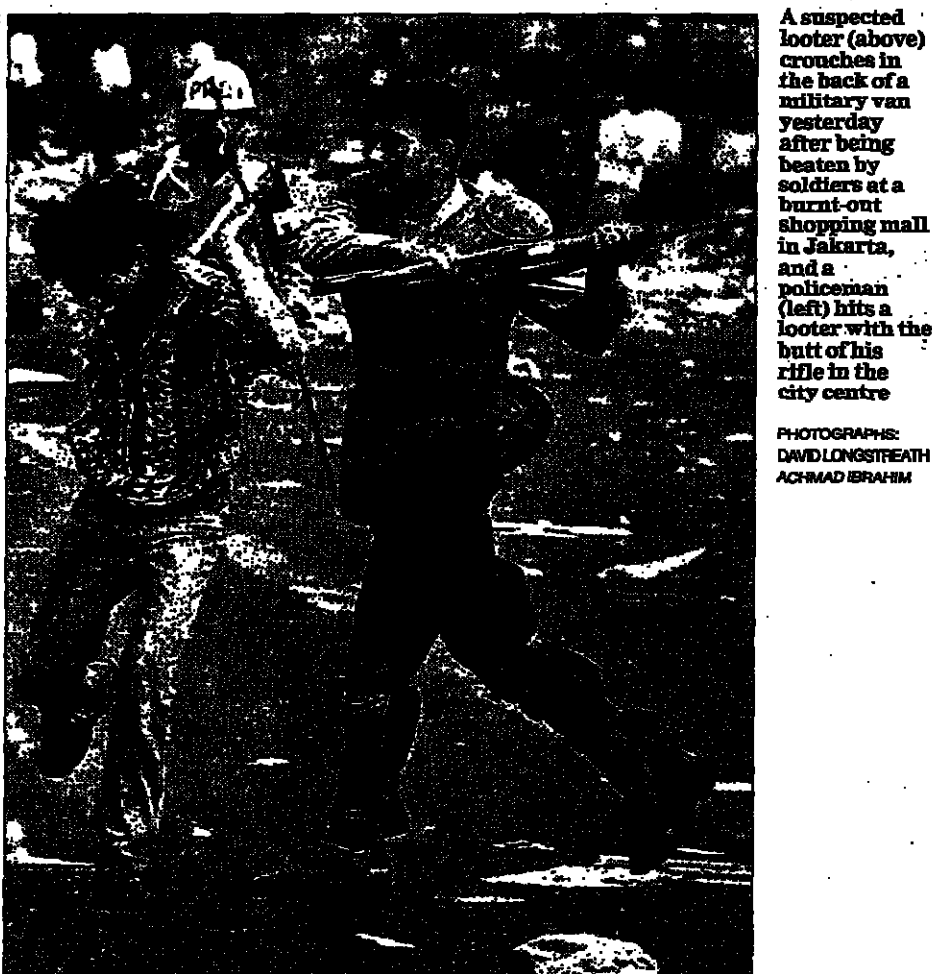
For the people, however, the issue is no longer the price of petrol or kerosene cooking fuel. It is Mr Suharto himself and the crony capitalism they see as widening the gulf between rich and poor.

At yesterday's Friday prayers in a Jakarta mosque, Amien Rais, the leader of the country's second-biggest Muslim organisation, declared: "This regime is facing its death, its end. There is no way to postpone or avoid it."

Yesterday a key faction within Golkar, the president's ruling party which is based on economic patronage rather than political belief, joined the chorus demanding that Mr Suharto step down.

For him to listen, however, the military must tell him what he told President Suharto in 1966: "I have always respected you as I have my parents... I'd like to regard you highly but, unfortunately, you do not wish this."

Translated from oblique Javanese political discourse, the



A suspected looter (above) crouches in the back of a military van yesterday after being beaten by soldiers at a burnt-out shopping mall in Jakarta, and a policeman (left) hits a looter with the butt of his rifle in the city centre.

PHOTOGRAPHS: DAVID LONGSTRECH, ACHMAD BRAHIM

Charred corpses reveal price of rioting

Nick Cunningham-Bruce in Jakarta

CHARRED lumps of human torso, melted features, swollen limbs gesturing stiffly in death — the hellish display strewn over the floor at a Jakarta University teaching hospital yesterday hideously exposed the human price Indonesia has paid for days of uncontrolled rioting.

As the capital slipped into an uneasy hush after the mob looting and political protests, a key faction of President Suharto's political party Golkar turned against him. Kogoro issued a statement demanding that Mr Suharto return the presidential mandate.

The president held a frantic series of meetings yesterday, cutting the big price increases on gasoline and other essential fuels that helped trigger the riots.

Meanwhile, soldiers forced several dozen looters to walk through the streets in their underwear, and then paraded them on military trucks with stolen goods in their mouths.

Forlorn looters were brought before journalists with stolen microphones, a loudspeaker rim and a CD in their mouths. "I will not steal. I will not steal," one looter was ordered to repeat.

At the hospital a small crowd collected to search for missing relatives, shirt-sleeves and cloths pressed against their faces to ward off the stench of human decay.

Ambulances collected 175 people, Agus Purwadianto, a hospital doctor reported. But even as he spoke orderlies arrived with a stretcher bearing another disfigured corpse.

Near the door, on a rattan mat, lay the smoke-blackened body of a middle-aged woman and the corpse of a man, purple identification labels tied to their toes. Beyond lay the charred body of a child, surrounded by black plastic bundles holding remains burnt beyond recognition.

Most were the victims of fires ignited by looting mobs — more than 100 people died in one five-storey shopping mall alone. But three people had died from stab wounds, a doctor revealed, and three from bullets.

Roy Effendi, aged 55, a parking attendant, identified one corpse as his 21-year-old son Teddy Kennedy, so named out of admiration for the former US president. Red-eyed from weeping, he said his son was killed by a police or military bullet in the back of the head after joining a demonstration. He wanted justice, to know who did this, he said, remarking simply: "I don't understand much about politics."

Occasional gunfire still crackled in northern Jakarta yesterday, as troops blocking a big thoroughfare fired into the air to scare off a gathering crowd and soldiers on motorcycles helped to push it back.

But crowds on the street were in little mood to challenge the strong military force that took the city overnight.

Light tanks and armoured personnel carriers were deployed at key intersections and along key roads, all the more conspicuous for the sparse traffic in a city brought to a standstill as nervous residents mostly kept behind barred doors. Virtually all shops remained shuttered.

A few hotels enjoyed a boom as many ethnic Chinese, targets of mob fury, abandoned their homes. One insurance executive, Mr Sathya, abandoned a pre-dawn attempt to reach the airport, and a flight to Los Angeles, when he saw people stopping and robbing vehicles.

But by midday traffic was moving to the airport, and an exodus of expatriates and ethnic Chinese was under way.

Many ethnic Chinese had no such option. Watching smoke pour from the ransacked and burnt ruin of the arcade in north Jakarta where he had an electronic store, Mr Iwan, aged 24, was thinking of fleeing to his family home in Sumatra.

"In the countryside we [eth-

nic Chinese] all know each other and they [Indonesians] know us, and maybe they don't hurt us," he said. He hoped for political reform, but did not see much advantage in President Suharto saving power. "He's the emperor," he shrugged.

But at Jakarta's al-Azhar mosque, several thousand Muslims at Friday prayers left little doubt of their passion for change. After a fiery sermon calling on the people to "rise up," the pious Muslim leader Amien Rais drew a roar of "Allah o-akhbar" (God is great) when he predicted Mr Suharto's demise. He said he was ready to meet Mr Suharto unconditionally, but added: "We made it very clear he should step down in the interests of the nation."

Student demands were read out at the mosque calling on parliament to ask the president to step down and convene a special session to choose a replacement. But student leaders appeared sobered by the looting and destruction. "If the demands of the students are not met, the demonstrations will continue," a University of Indonesia student leader said. But he added: "Ask people to stop rioting and ask the Indonesian government to co-operate with the people and transfer power."

Student demands were read out at the mosque calling on parliament to ask the president to step down and convene a special session to choose a replacement. But student leaders appeared sobered by the looting and destruction. "If the demands of the students are not met, the demonstrations will continue," a University of Indonesia student leader said. But he added: "Ask people to stop rioting and ask the Indonesian government to co-operate with the people and transfer power."

The exodus

□ An estimated 6,500 British nationals in Indonesia were yesterday urged by the Foreign Office to stay indoors but consider leaving the country if they live in areas of possible further unrest (which do not include Bali). British Airways is operating a special flight due to leave Jakarta late tonight.

□ The US embassy advised Americans in Jakarta and Surabaya, Indonesia's second city, to leave as soon as possible. They were told to gather at prearranged places in Jakarta early today, bringing no more than one bag each to be ferried to the airport.

□ Australia advised its 20,000 citizens in Indonesia to leave.

□ Japan said it was drawing up contingency plans to send military aircraft to Indonesia to evacuate its citizens.

□ China said its embassy in Indonesia was ready to help its nationals and people from Hong Kong and Taiwan.

□ France on Friday advised its citizens to leave the country if possible. French, Swedish and British companies were among those to suspend their Indonesian operations and help employees to leave.

□ The British-based international banking group HSBC Holdings plc said it had closed its offices in Indonesia and did not expect to reopen them until Monday at the earliest.

□ British Aerospace and British Petroleum also shut their offices in Jakarta, but neither had plans to move expatriate staff out.

□ Luxury hotels around the city centre were filled by expatriates and wealthy Indonesians who said they did not feel safe at home.

□ At the airport, flights out of the country were full and no rooms were available at airport hotels. Witnesses said most flights were being filled by ethnic Chinese.

□ Staff of the International Monetary Fund left before dawn on a chartered airplane.

'Here to protest is to burn' Activist

With a crisis that imperils the very survival of his family and friends. Several of his six children and their offspring have fled to London. Others are in hiding.

The scene yesterday at No 55 Angkasa Street illustrated the danger to a regime now striving to protect far more than its dignity. "Suharto is a Dog", read black graffiti spray-painted on the wall outside the snouldering home of Liem Sioe Liong, the richest man in Indonesia and a close friend of Mr Suharto.

The 40-year friendship made Mr Liem's Salim group the country's largest conglomerate. This week it brought a mob crashing through the front door of the country's most potent ethnic Chinese tycoon. Singed hamboos now poke from the wreckage. A Mercedes stands torched in the garage.

With heavily armed troops stationed around the traumatised city, Thursday's unchecked mayhem settled yesterday into sporadic looting. Styling himself the Father of Development, Mr Suharto lost the twin sources of his legitimacy — rapid economic growth and political stability. The foreign investment and ethnic Chinese acumen that

'I want justice, I don't know politics' Mourner

message was blunt. Sukarno stepped aside and Mr Suharto declared the New Order he is now fighting to preserve.

The military cannot govern by force alone. In a country of 200 million people, it has relatively few men in uniform. Police and troops combined number fewer than 500,000.

"They can kill but they cannot rule," said Goenawan Mohamad, the former editor of *Tempo*, an influential magazine shut down by the government in 1994. Like every other

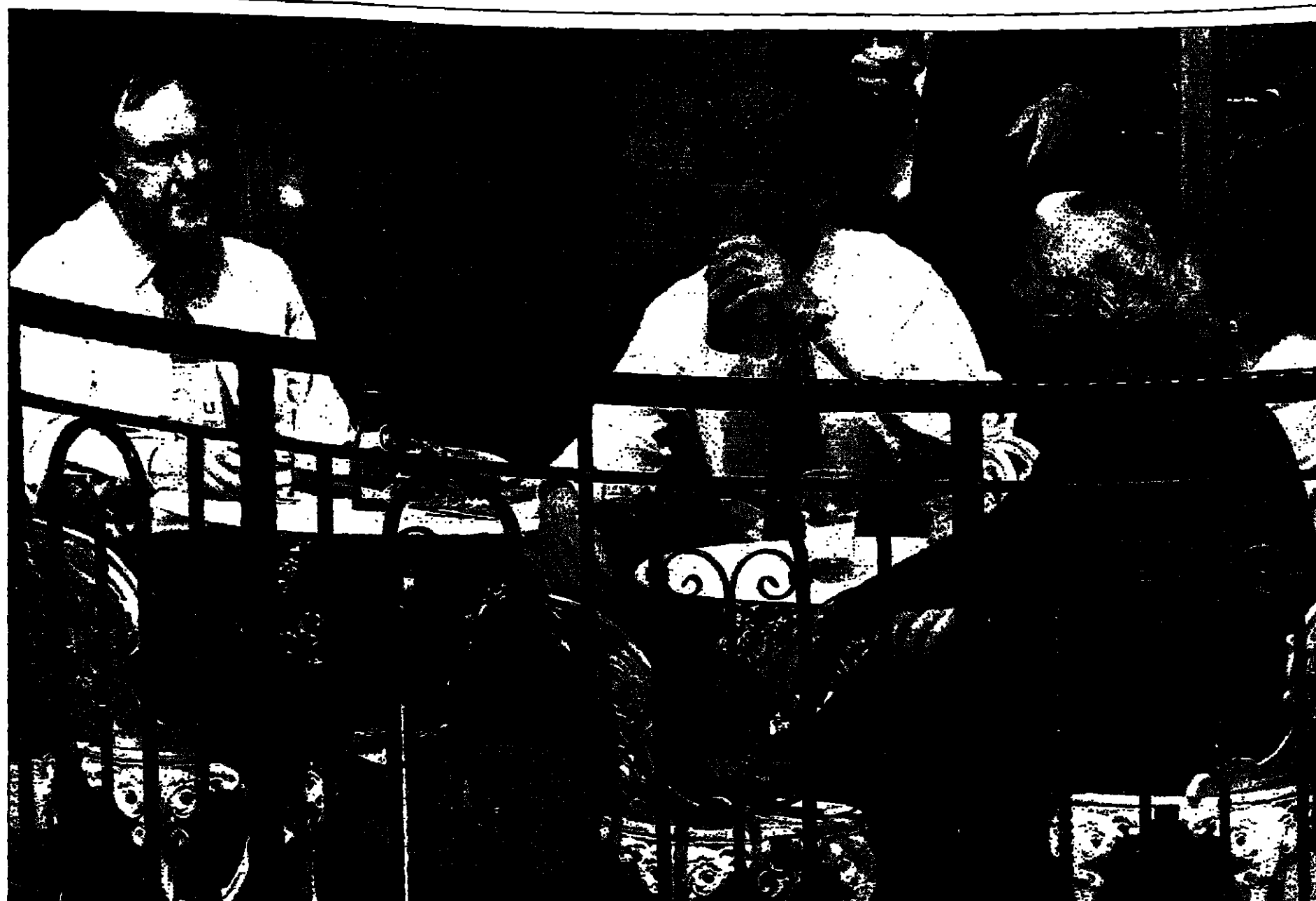
institution in Indonesia the loyalty of the military rests on economic self-interest and is riddled with corruption.

"This is a cynical regime that buys loyalty. It is different from Sukarno or Mao Zedong," said Mr Goenawan. "Killing people will make Indonesia another Burma. I don't think any of our generals want that. They want to hang on to all their money."

The aversion that cemented Mr Suharto's power could be his undoing. The system no

longer delivers. And the outcome has slipped beyond the control of the students.

Mohamad Quadari, a psychology postgraduate at the University of Indonesia, said: "There is no political analyst in the world who can predict the action of Suharto. He might say yes. He might say no. I can't believe there is somebody who knows what he is doing is wrong but refuses to correct it. Where is his conscience? Is his conscience dead?"



THE last time he was in Britain, he dined on the very best the nation could offer: roast wild salmon with sauce vierge washed down with champagne at Sir Terence Conran's waterside Le Pont de la

Tour restaurant, writes Sarah Hall. But, this year, the President of the United States opted for something far less pretensions. Wandering into the Malt House pub in Birmingham, where he is

attending the G8 summit, Bill Clinton plumped for chips, tomato ketchup — and a pint of bitter. The fast-food lover did try to be a little healthier, with a mixed salad of lettuce, cucumber, peppers, tomatoes,

and — somewhat incongruously — cabbage. But with a portion of garlic bread, he also upped his cholesterol levels. As he tipped his chips into the ketchup and snipped his £1.90 pint of Greenalls

in the sunshine on the pub's open-air balcony, customers tried to pretend drinking with the president — and his entourage of security guards — was an everyday occurrence. But it wasn't easy. "I

nearly choked on my tuna salad when he drew up a chair and sat at a table next to me," said Mavis Stone, aged 74. "My husband Ron was gawping so much his chills can come out cold."

PHOTOGRAPH BY Kieran Doherty

Thatcher fixer breaks free from jargon with rallying call to radicals

John Vidal finds an optimistic mood at the alternative 'people's summit' in Birmingham

SIR Crispin Tickell, the mandarin who convinced Margaret Thatcher that the environment was not just furry animals, looked at the pony-tails, T-shirts and frocks gathered for the People's Summit and beamed.

"The people down the road are propelled by vested interests. They are looking at the wrong crisis. We have more influence than them in the long-term. Things are changing," he said.

The audience of radicals beamed back. Sir Crispin, after all, knows all about summits, having arranged four for Mrs T. Now he was a star turn for the P8, the parallel people's summit in Birmingham, and speaking for the people that heads of state tend to dismiss as lefties, trouble-makers and worse.

Today 60,000 people led by the churches, unions and charities will form a six-mile human chain to demand an end to international debt. Yesterday it was all conferences, seminars and workshops in an eerily silent city centre closed off to traffic to allow the people's rulers to pass in splendid isolation.

In the Grand Hotel the new revolutionary troops were discussing food systems, technology, power, debts and the dilemmas of modernity.

Ed Mayo, head of the New Economics Foundation, sang about Brussels sprouts to make a point about over-consumption. "Did you know," added a professor of food, "that 1,000 supermarkets now sell half Britain's food? That's not sustainable."

Elsewhere earnest young men and women were talking ethical investments, credit for the poor, social change and "synergy for a world that works".

The man from Midlands Electricity had been in "fruitful talks" with Asian businessmen and in the Library Theatre there were heated discussions about crime, the

arms trade, corruption and human rights.

Globalisation. Mobilisation. Civilisation. Polarisation. It was all too much for Sue, from Birmingham, who had come to hear about international debt but had drifted into a seminar on building a social Europe. "It's not quite what I expected," she said. "There's an awful lot of jargon in world concern. Isn't there?"

But there is wild optimism too. "We are winning, winning, winning," said Aubrey Meyer, a former violinist who has almost single-handedly persuaded the world to find a just solution to climate change emissions. "Gummer and Meacher are united," he says. "It only happened because we believed it was possible."

Charles Secrett, director of Friends of the Earth, is more scathing. "We don't need the G8 leaders' meaningless messages of pious intent. They're working in a self-important vacuum, divorced from people. We have real answers but they don't want to listen." He offers a new report which exposes the World Bank as a major promoter of climate change.

Opposite the conference centre where the G8 leaders are to meet, BP is showing off its commitment to solar energy with a slick exhibition that has impressed Tony Benn, the man who as energy secretary in another lifetime was partly responsible for Britain's nuclear power programme.

It's a far cry from Sherborn Street where Helen, a traveller, is trying to put up a second-hand solar panel to power a small fountain. The wasteland has been turned into the People Power Site, a village of tents and geodesic domes, to show what can be done on a shoestring. Government officials had been considering taking Tony Blair to see it. Yesterday No 10 regretted there would be no time.

Asia crises cast new cloud

Ian Black and Larry Elliott on list of problems at 'low-key' summit dogged by India and Indonesia

IT HAD been billed as a return to the low-key summits of the 1970s, but the gathering of the most economically powerful nations was instead faced last night with a range of economic, military and diplomatic problems.

The G8's set-piece achieve-

ment will be a new package of debt relief for the poorest nations, with special assistance for those countries trying to recover from bloody and crippling expensive conflicts.

However, the need to find a common response to India's underground nuclear tests

and to the violent unrest in Indonesia, the fifth most populous nation, merely added to the list of problems facing the summiters.

Last night's formal dinner was dominated by this week's events in the two Asian countries, with the planned menu of talks on the Middle East peace process, Kosovo and the need to reshape global financial institutions in the wake of the Asian financial crisis shunted to one side.

Leaders of the G7 — comprising the United States, Canada, Japan, Britain,

France, Germany and Italy — had a session yesterday afternoon to discuss reform of the International Monetary Fund, before they were joined by President Boris Yeltsin of Russia to form the first G8 summit.

Mr Yeltsin was looking vigorous and cheerful as he arrived in Birmingham to be welcomed by Mr Blair and the other leaders.

After being excluded from G7 financial discussions in Munich in 1992, he eventually won an enhanced status for Russia at Denver last year and now full status at Birmingham — largely a reward for acquiescing in the eastward expansion of Nato last year.

Mr Blair called for a concerted effort to change the format of the event after being shocked by the mind-boggling detail and scope of what he encountered at Denver a few weeks after his election victory.

G8 foreign and finance ministers met separately in London last weekend, leaving the prime minister and heads of state to try to return to the fireside chat informality long lost in endless communiqués and declarations, heavy security and stiff photo opportunities.

The Prime Minister wants to focus on a debt reduction programme to "give Africa a future" and on the proper long-term response to the Asian crisis. US diplomats believe there will be freer and more imaginative discussion which they hope will encourage new thinking.

Within their own borders, the G8 will focus on ways of bringing down unemployment in Europe and tackling social exclusion in the US and Britain, with the emphasis on implementing the seven-point programme for "employability" outlined by G8 finance and employment ministers in February.

David Blunkett, Education and Employment Secretary,

said yesterday: "This is the first time the leaders of the most powerful economies have agreed on specific action to boost jobs and employability." These were now at the top of the international agenda.

The eight leaders will today also discuss international crime and drugs, in line with Mr Blair's wish to focus on the dark side of globalisation and on international issues that make sense to ordinary people.

He also held bilateral talks yesterday with the Japanese

prime minister, Ryutaro Hashimoto, who is under pressure to do more to shore up his country's ailing economy. Attempts were also made to ensure a successful visit by Emperor Akihito this month, in the face of a protest threat from former British prisoners of war.

Today the leaders will have a day's retreat at the Weston Park country house hotel for an informal discussion. The G8 final communiqué, to be issued tomorrow, will run to only a quarter of last year's 50 pages.



The new summit member, Boris Yeltsin, arriving in Birmingham

STUART CONWAY



THE NEW SLAVERY

Join more than 1000 people who have signed up online to Jubilee 2000's petition at <http://reports.guardian.co.uk/debt/petition.html>. The website also gives details on how to join the human chain at today's G8 summit, and how to donate. You'll also find a full archive of the Guardian's coverage and regular updates on the campaign until the millennium.

Short and Cook in departmental wrangle over bid for increase in overseas aid

Ewen MacAskill and David Hencke

CABINET ministers Clare Short and Robin Cook are locked in a turf war over a £500 million bid for an increase in Britain's annual aid budget.

Ms Short, whose International Development departmental spending has been frozen along with the rest of Whitehall, has asked the Treasury to increase its £2.2 billion budget by £350 million in 1998-2000, £100 million the following year and £50 million the year after.

Relations between the Foreign Office and Ms Short's department, the DfID, have been prickly over the last 12 months, with spectacular bust-ups over the handling of the Montserrat volcano disaster and a tug-of-war over Britain's overseas dependencies. But Ms Short is hopeful of getting all or most of the

£500 million, given that Chancellor Gordon Brown has given promises to tackle Third World poverty, and Tony Blair has made debt relief a key item on the G8 summit agenda.

A final decision from the Treasury and the Cabinet committee that adjudicates in disputes is expected in July. Ms Short's bid has been muddled by a Foreign Office counter-bid that encroaches on her territory, according to a DfID source.

"The Foreign Office has opposed her submission for an increase and put in its own submission, saying that with DfID concentrating on poverty, the Foreign Office has to cover human rights, know-how funds and things like that," the source said.

The Foreign Office, playing down the row, was adamant Mr Cook "was interested in maximising the overseas aid budget".

Without the extra cash to fund its "ethical" foreign pol-

icy aims, the Foreign Office will have to find the money from its own budget.

Labour has a manifesto commitment to increase Britain's share of aid to the Third World. But this will be undermined within the next fortnight when new figures will show that British aid fell to a new low since Labour came into power.

Britain is signed up to meeting a UN target of giving 0.7 per cent of national income in aid. Britain's last contribution under the Tories was only 0.57 per cent but this has dropped under Labour to 0.25 per cent.

A DfID spokesman blamed the fall on spending totals inherited from the Conservatives.

The important point, the spokesman said, was that the Government will reverse that decline.

Unofficially the aim for the remainder of the Parliament is modest: 0.29 per cent by 2001.

FREE 30 day trial with no obligation

WHICHonline

www.which.net

Thinking Internet? Think Which? Online!

FREE unlimited Internet access for 30 days

FREE trial of invaluable Which? information on the Net

FREE CD tour of Which? Online

FREE

72 page Beginner's Guide to the Internet

Internet access made easy

Which? Online is the Internet service brought to you by Which?, an organisation respected nationwide for its integrity and trustworthiness. Not only does Which? Online provide the speediest of access to the World Wide Web, an email address and the ability to create your own Web pages, it also gives you exclusive access to a wealth of consumer information on the Internet.

Return the coupon or call the number below and you'll receive a free CD giving you everything you need to get online — plus 30 days' free unlimited Internet access and Which? Online. We'll also send you a complimentary 'Beginner's Guide to the Internet' booklet. Reply today — access to the world's greatest library, and more, is just around the corner!

Sample the Internet and Which? Online for 30 days — free of charge

0645 830 256

Please quote reference number: PJ248

Please call the number above, or return this coupon for: Which? Online, FREEPOST, Hertford X, SG14 1YB.

YES! I would like a FREE CD giving me 30 days' FREE unlimited Internet access and Which? Online.

PLEASE COMPLETE IN CAPITALS

Surname (Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms/Other)

Forename(s)

Address

Postcode

Please send me my free Which? Online CD for:

☐ PC ☐ Apple Macintosh

Your Computer Requirements: You need to have a working IBM compatible personal computer running Windows™ or an Apple Macintosh running System 7.1 or higher. For PCs, the Internet access software takes about 6 megabytes of hard disk space and needs at least 8 megabytes of RAM to run. For Macs, you will need 10 megabytes of hard disk space and 16 megabytes of RAM. You will also need a modem.

PJ248

The Internet service you can trust

WHICHonline

www.which.net

سكنا من الامل

Fresh scars for Sierra Leone

Gary Younge in Abidjan discovers what arms really mean in the bloodletting between rebels and government

AT THE Connaught Hospital in the centre of Freetown, as in Westminster, the talk is of arms and the brutal nature of politics in Sierra Leone. But Freetown's concern is not focused on the tons of military hardware sent in February by a British-based firm for use in ousting the military junta then in power in the West African country.

Nor does anyone care whether this broke a United Nations embargo on arms shipments to Sierra Leone, whose elected president the junta had overthrown last year.

People are more worried about the arms severed from civilians managing to flee the east of the country, where fighting goes on between supporters of the junta — ousted in February this year — and forces backing the restored president and government.

The two arms which were chopped from one man who wandered from village to village until he could find someone to drive him to the capital and the Connaught Hospital: the arm of the 60-year-old woman which was amputated by the rebels, the fathers whose arms were chopped off because they refused to rape their daughters.

In many respects these are the lucky ones, alive and for the time being, safe. From the fighting areas they carry stories of summary executions, of women and children being rounded up, locked in houses and then burned alive. Many others are thought to be hiding in the forests.

This steady stream of human misery has been trickling to Freetown from the east over the past few weeks. There are now around 200 amputees at the Connaught Hospital, deprived of hands, ears and feet by the malevolent machetes of retreating rebels.

"It is feared that these wounded are just the visible part of the iceberg and that the number of wounded deeper in the country could be much higher," says the co-ordinator of Médecins sans Frontières, Monique Nagelkerke.

They are the human evidence that whatever else the British-based mercenary group, Sandline International, may have brought to the country three months ago it was not peace. While the democratically elected government of President Ahmed Tejan Kabbah has been put back in office, a vicious war

goes on between Nigerian-led forces, which support the government, and soldiers from the junta ousted three months ago, continues.

It is the Nigerian-led forces of the West African force Ecomog which have the upper hand, pushing the rebels from their strongholds. But guerrilla-style hit-and-run attacks from the rebels are prolonging the conflict indefinitely. And as they retreat they are leaving a legacy of terror.

Away from Westminster's

Fleeing the area where fighting goes on, people carry stories of summary executions, of women and children being rounded up, locked in houses and then burned

early day motions and parliamentary committees, this is the bloody reality. With three coups in the past six years, Sierra Leone has been a playground for boys with guns. A nation that started its independent life 37 years ago in reasonably good shape is now one of the poorest in Africa.

Study any geological survey covering what were the best defended rebel strongholds, and the motivation for much of this carnage becomes clear. In the east are some of the finest diamonds in the world, along with gold, titanium and bauxite. Local people say that in some areas you can scoop up diamonds with your hands.

These minerals need foreign capital if they are to be fully exploited. And while the diamond trade is not sentimental about democracy, it needs political stability. So when Major Johnny Paul Koroma's junta took power from President Kabbah with guns blazing in May 1997, and sent foreign engineers scuttling home, the trade got nervous.

As evidence grew that Maj Koroma's men were digging up diamonds and selling them abroad so they could buy weapons, those in the diamond business knew something had to be done.

Follow the chain of diamond interests and you will arrive at the key players in the counter-coup that brought President Kabbah back to power in February this year. British mercenaries gained a foothold in the country in 1996 when they were invited to advise a Canadian-based

company called Diamond-works on security. It was Rashid Sessand, an Indian financier with diamond interests, who first put up the money to bring Sandline in.

When the current war is over, Nigeria may want its cut, too: after Ecomog forces helped restore Liberia's elected leadership to its rightful place last year, the Nigerians helped themselves to some diamonds.

But for the time being at least the people of Freetown seem happy to have their de-

is the prospect of peaceful times to come.

All the fuss in England about arms being sent in support of President Kabbah's restoration, they say, is being raised by people who do not know the pain that Sierra Leone has been through. If they did, they would not pick diplomatic nits over who in British officialdom knew what, when, or about which UN resolution was violated in exporting arms to oust the junta.

There is no clean and above-board way, they argue, to deal with men who amputate and mutilate at whim. On Sierra Leone's radio and in the papers, there is nothing but swinging criticism of Robin Cook, the Foreign Secretary. Earlier this week they described him as "the most hated man in the country" — quite a feat given the number of contenders for that position.

This is because Mr Cook, while the weapons affair came into the open, appeared to be trying to deflect any blame on to Peter Penfold, Britain's High Commissioner in Freetown.

Today Freetown people march in support of Mr Penfold, who is back in London to face allegations that he colluded in breaking the UN arms embargo to help his friend President Kabbah back to power.

They insist that Mr Penfold acted to get the junta out while others dithered. He may lose his job, but he has gained a nation of admirers.



Victims of Sierra Leone's carnage, in which fighting for control of the country's diamond areas has sent people fleeing from the countryside to the capital

Writ turns up heat at the Foreign Office

Richard Norton-Taylor and Owen Bowcott

THE Foreign Office, embroiled in the arms-to-Sierra Leone affair, faces fresh embarrassment over involvement in alleged sanctions-busting after a writ was served yesterday on two top officials in connection with the arms-to-Iraq scandal.

Reginald Dunk, an arms dealer whose conviction for trying to smuggle machine-guns to Iraq via Jordan was quashed on appeal, yesterday

Foreign Office's Middle East department, as a "bad show". Sir Richard Scott said in his report into the arms-to-Iraq affair: "Expressions such as a 'bad show' ... fall in my opinion a long way short of adequately describing the degree of impropriety."

Meanwhile, Robin Cook, the Foreign Secretary, is considering appointing Sir Thomas Legg, former head of the Lord Chancellor's department, to conduct an independent inquiry into the Foreign Office's handling of the arms-to-Sierra Leone affair.

The Guardian has learned that Foreign Office paperwork on the affair amounts to a pile little more than three inches high. The relatively limited documentation involved is one of the many reasons why the Government says a judicial public inquiry similar to Sir Richard's into the Iraq affair — which had to examine 200,000 documents — is inappropriate for the Sierra Leone debacle.

The papers apparently show that Foreign Office officials were extremely guarded in their contacts with Sandline, the private security company investigated by Customs for allegedly breaching a United Nations arms embargo on Sierra Leone.

It has also emerged that Peter Penfold, the High Commissioner in Sierra Leone — who had discussions with Sandline — did not send any telegrams from west Africa as he had no access to the Foreign Office's secure communication system. It had been reported earlier this week that a telegram Mr Penfold sent to the Foreign Office had gone missing. During the civil war in Sierra Leone he was communicating with London by phone and fax from a hotel in Conakry, Guinea.

The conduct of Foreign Office officials in the Sierra Leone affair will be scrutinised in a Commons debate on Monday called by the Tories.

STAPLES LOWEST PRICES TOP BRANDS

The Office Superstore

HEWLETT PACKARD Colour Inkjet Printer MODEL NO. DESKJET 720 SKU 292946 £198.99 (INC. VAT) NEW LOWER PRICE HEWLETT £198.99	HEWLETT PACKARD Colour Inkjet Printer MODEL NO. BIC250 SKU 277693 £99.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD Colour Inkjet Printer MODEL NO. X14C SKU 300012 £129.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD Colour Inkjet Printer MODEL NO. STYLUS 600 SKU 256883 £199.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD Colour Inkjet Printer MODEL NO. 870 SKU 280412 £279.99 (INC. VAT)	EPSON Colour Inkjet Printer MODEL NO. 740C SKU 256883 £199.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD Colour Inkjet Printer MODEL NO. 870 SKU 280412 £279.99 (INC. VAT)	EZI 180 MHz, 16MB Multi-media PC SKU 299891 £499.99 (INC. VAT)	LG 14" SVGA Monitor SKU 273066 £124.99 (INC. VAT)	LG 15" SVGA Monitor SKU 265405 £179.99 (INC. VAT)	LG 17" SVGA Monitor SKU 265413 £249.99 (INC. VAT)
IBM Colour Flat Bed Scanner MODEL NO. 5100C SKU 299448 £199.99 (INC. VAT) FREE VIA VOICE WORTH £79.99	IBM Colour Flat Bed Scanner MODEL NO. 5100C SKU 299448 £199.99 (INC. VAT)	IBM Colour Flat Bed Scanner MODEL NO. 5100C SKU 299448 £199.99 (INC. VAT)	IBM Colour Flat Bed Scanner MODEL NO. 5100C SKU 299448 £199.99 (INC. VAT)	IBM Colour Flat Bed Scanner MODEL NO. 5100C SKU 299448 £199.99 (INC. VAT)	IBM Colour Flat Bed Scanner MODEL NO. 5100C SKU 299448 £199.99 (INC. VAT)	IBM Colour Flat Bed Scanner MODEL NO. 5100C SKU 299448 £199.99 (INC. VAT)	IBM Colour Flat Bed Scanner MODEL NO. 5100C SKU 299448 £199.99 (INC. VAT)	IBM Colour Flat Bed Scanner MODEL NO. 5100C SKU 299448 £199.99 (INC. VAT)	IBM Colour Flat Bed Scanner MODEL NO. 5100C SKU 299448 £199.99 (INC. VAT)	IBM Colour Flat Bed Scanner MODEL NO. 5100C SKU 299448 £199.99 (INC. VAT)
HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)
HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)
HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)
HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)
HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)
HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)
HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)
HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)
HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)
HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)
HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301069 £23.99 (INC. VAT)	HEWLETT PACKARD World Cup Black Inkjet Cartridge MODEL NO. 45A SKU 301							

Ulster is hesitating

Unionists get cold feet

ALL THOSE who want peace in Northern Ireland had reason to feel a spasm of panic yesterday. An opinion poll in the Irish Times confirmed what had until now been just a hunch: that Unionist support for the Good Friday agreement is slipping away at an alarming rate. The paper found that 45 per cent of Unionists plan to vote no in next Friday's referendum — rising to 55 per cent when undecideds are excluded. Hostility to the accord among Northern Ireland's Protestants has almost doubled in the past month, while leaked internal polls suggest previous "don't know" now favour No over Yes at a rate of at least two to one.

This does not mean the referendum will be defeated. Yesterday's survey shows the accord winning the overall backing of 56 per cent of the Ulster population — helped along by a recent surge of support among Catholic voters, now at the rock solid level of 87 per cent. There is a worrying trend here: nationalist approval for the Stormont deal is rising just as Unionist support is

plummeting. It is possible the referendum could pass next week with a majority of Catholic votes but a minority of Protestant ones. That would be a technical victory, but a political defeat. The entire point of the peace process has been to find a solution acceptable to both traditions of Northern Ireland: A Yes from one community and a No from another would not be good enough.

The sudden outbreak of cold feet among Unionists is not mysterious — and it is related to the rise in Catholic support. Indeed, the very fact that nationalists seem enthusiastic for the agreement has probably damaged its appeal among Unionists. As the ultra-loyalist leader David Ervine says, Northern Ireland politics can be a zero-sum game: "If it's good for them, it must be bad for us." The more nationalists and republicans seem happy with the new arrangements for Northern Ireland, the more suspicious Unionists become.

Take the ecstatic reception granted to the Balcombe Street gang at Sinn Féin's special conference last weekend. The 10-minute ovation for these convicted IRA terrorists — released from jail to urge the *ardheists* to vote Yes — chilled many a Unionist heart. Pollsters say the feting of the gang pushed as many as 10 per cent of the Unionist community from Yes to No. The fact that

their appearance had been made possible by the British and Irish governments entrenched the fear that the Good Friday agreement amounts to little more than an appeasement of terrorism. The appearance at a Yes rally of the loyalist gunman Michael Stone — the killer who took potshots at mourners in a cemetery — seems only to have added to that impression.

The unity of Ian Paisley's No campaign and the division within the Ulster Unionist party — half of whose MPs oppose the accord — have also had an effect. The UUP leader, David Trimble, has been forced to spend much of his time on the defensive — seeking to reassure voters rather than inspire them. With Dr Paisley breathing down his neck, he has sometimes ended up running against the very agreement he brokered: his constant raising of the issue of decommissioning, for example, may well have drawn voters' attention to perceived flaws in the document, not its strengths.

More deeply, the Unionist leadership may now be paying the price for a failure to prepare its community earlier for an historic compromise. F.W. de Klerk in South Africa and Yitzhak Rabin in Israel both told their peoples that the time had come to give up what had once been dear, to make a sacrifice for the sake of peace. But Mr

Trimble and others have instead sought to cast the Stormont deal as a chance to maintain the status quo, giving up little. They shied away from the psychological groundwork necessary to persuade a community to compromise — and that might explain why they are struggling to bring in the votes right now.

Their task in this last week might be to look Unionists in the eye and steel them for the hard but essential choice they face. The status quo is not an option. Tony Blair's visit last week did a skilful job of reassurance and may well have won over some doubters. Sinn Féin could help with a statement reiterating their abandonment of violence. But, ultimately, it is a choice for Northern Ireland's Unionists. It could not be plainer: the choice is war or peace.

The Voice is silent

He was the century's soundtrack

YOU can hear the voice in a thousand places. New York, New York, of course, and Chicago was his kind of town, and it happened in Monterey, too. You can hear the voice in a hundred different moods. Full

of possibility with High Hopes, charged with lust in I've Got You Under My Skin, dark with threatened violence in Mack the Knife, out-of-luck and heartbroken in One for My Baby, seasoned and reflective in A Very Good Year.

But above all, his was the voice which seemed to accompany every chapter of this long and hectic century. There he was, young and skinny in wartime, singing for bobbysoxers and FDR. There he was again, a decade later, serenading Ava Gardner and hanging out with Marilyn Monroe. In the era of the Beatles and flower power, he was still hip — hobnobbing with the Kennedys and topping the charts with Strangers in the Night. In the 1970s and 1980s, when his peers were dead or retired, he was packing out concert halls and popping into the White House — this time to steal a close dance with Nancy Reagan. In the 1990s he danced with Nancy Reagan. In the 1990s he was so cool, Bono duetted with him and reinstated him as Chairman of the Board. Flick through the photo-album of 20th century pop culture and Frank Sinatra's on every page.

He was in the movies — 60 of them — on stage and on television. For all that, his face will probably be forgotten one day. But not the voice. That will linger on — under our skin forever.

Letters to the Editor

Debt we owe the Third World

THE meeting of the G8 countries in Birmingham today on Third World debt is not before time. The burden of unpayable foreign debt has beset many of the world's poorest countries for the last two decades.

The UN estimates the lives of 21 million children could be saved in Africa by 2000 if money spent on debt repayments was invested in human development. In Ethiopia, where over 100,000 children die each year from preventable diseases, debt payments are four times higher than public spending on health care. In Tanzania, where 40 per cent of the population die before the age of 35, debt repayments are six times greater than spending on health.

As part of the Jubilee 2000 Coalition, we call on the G8 countries to cancel the unpayable debt of the world's poorest countries. (Dr) Sandy Macara, Chairman of Council, British Medical Association. (Prof) David Baum, President, Royal College of Paediatrics and Child Health, and the presidents of the eight other Royal Colleges.

WRITING-OFF only the "unpayable debt" will create relatively little extra resources for Third World states. The "international co-ordination" to ensure "corrupt" African politicians and administrators pursue certain social policy goals merely creates new Western institutional supervision. David Chandler, International Social Policy Research Unit, Leeds Metropolitan University.

EACH day developing countries pay the rich \$448 million in debt service repayments or \$211,000 per second. Ghana's health spending is \$2.50 a person; debt servicing is \$16.25 a person a year. Britain's military spending is \$22 billion a year. \$60 million a day. US military spending is \$175 billion a year — similar \$479 million a day — similar

to debt repayments of the developing countries. Richard Hay, Suffolk.

MICHAEL Schumacher earns \$2 million a year. Elton John can spend \$20,000 a day, a snooker champion wins \$300,000 from one championship. How can all of this be justified when seen in the shadow of what is happening in another part of the world. Babette Gallard, Lancashire, West Sussex.

CONGRATULATIONS to Maggie O'Kane for her article on poverty in Niger (She is just there and suffers from a plague that kills millions — the plague of debt, May 11). Has anyone any suggestions as to how the Swiss could be made to give up the Third World wealth they hoard. Deposits by African dictators could be sufficient to wipe out the debt of Africa. Sandra Stevens, Ipswich.

ONCE Third World dictators have been freed from their debts, they will no

Cost of the malaise at the heart of the world's banking system

ALEX Brummer suggests the G8 leaders will clear the debts of 30 of the poorest countries by the year 2000 (Relief the world can bank on, May 13). Not so. Under the Government's millennium target the 30 debt-burdened countries will be only half way towards completing the rigorous economic reforms required to receive debt relief. It will be a further three years before they complete the course and get real help. While we wait, 20 million African children will die. Jessica Woodroffe, World Development Movement, London.

THE Highly Indebted Poor Countries initiative (HIPC) is a necessary step in the right direction. But it targets only a

doubt return to buying luxury cars for the rich and machine guns for the poor. This is why the makers of these goods support your campaign. A better use of the money would be to support world health organisations and halt destruction of the rain forests. J Thomas, Surrey.

ONE of the ways in which debt reduction should help enormously is by releasing funds for the education of women; decrease in family size is closely correlated with increase in female literacy. Luke Sorba, London.

IT looks as though the taxpayers of the Western world are being buttered up to give generously to finance another profit-making venture to undo the damage done by previous profit-making schemes, while the bankers, financiers and crooked administrators are cashed up and safe from taxation and pay-back levies. The suffering in Niger (May 11) would have been more to do with overpopulation. Why

handful of countries and is packaged with austere conditions. It also does not prevent unsustainable debt from accumulating in future. The ActionAid believes the big industrial countries should set up a body to monitor creditors and debtors and allow developing countries to prioritise social spending over debt repayments. Nicola Crowther, ActionAid, London.

THERE is a view that the industrialised states, European Union, IMF and World Bank give money to Third World governments which they then spend unwisely or corruptly. The truth is Third World countries do not actually receive money from first world "donors". Instead, "donor" countries

foist our wished-for health standards on these people? They never had the economy to support them. Jacob Jonker, Limerick.

ALL your focus seems to be upon "the poor", so caught up in the debt trap that they are supposed to be incapable of doing anything to help themselves. Readers may only see them again as the "white man's burden". I believe the Guardian means better, especially when it describes the phenomenon as "the new slavery" and sees it, as we Africans do, as not about charity, but about justice.

The Jubilee 2000 Coalition in the UK includes not just British aid agencies, church groups and trade unions, but also Black anti-racist and internationalist organisations — like the African Liberation Support Campaign. Kofi Maweli Kiu, Jubilee 2000 Africa Campaign, London.

LAST night I heard a Christian Aid speaker on the launch in Africa of the Jubilee

provide loans to Third World countries to pay off earlier debts to "donor" countries. Third World countries do not have use of this money. Another common aid cycle goes like this: a "donor" persuades a Third World "beneficiary" to accept a loan to pay for a project within the "beneficiary's" borders, the contract for which must be awarded to a company based in the "donor" country. Again the Third World country does not get use of the money.

By these and other means, "donors" never leave "donor" countries; the money is merely recycled among the "donors". Hosea Jaffe, London.

BANKING is at the heart of Third World debt. Most loans were advances of bank

2000 Africa campaign. With such a burgeoning mass movement of the grassroots in the South, a possible and immediate solution could be found if the Southern governments obeyed the African campaign slogan: "Can't pay, Won't pay." Janine Pearson, Sheffield.

GUYANA is clearly facing serious economic challenges (John Vidal, May 15). UK NGOs are making significant contributions, but much more could be achieved with public support. We have launched Karicare 2000 to establish an audiology service to help the many people who suffer from hearing loss. We need funds to train a Guyanese doctor in audiology. John Davis, Commonwealth Society for the Deaf, London.

THANK you for your support for the Jubilee 2000 Coalition. Keep it on your front page. One billion people will thank you in 2000. Frances Middleton, Norwich.

credit created by fractional reserve banking, in parallel with debt. The Third World is in lock to the institutional and commercial banks of the world, as are the wealthy nations via their big national debts.

What we have in Third World debt is not a true debt between nations, but an expression of the current debt-based financial system. To tackle Third World debt, we must re-examine this reliance upon banking as the money supply basis of modern national and international economies.

Otherwise, what can we say to Third World nations? Work will be as small as America's — a mere \$5 trillion. Michael Rowbottom, Norfolk.

I'VE PLAYED THIS THROUGH AGAIN AND AGAIN AND NELL LENNON'S FACE DEFINITELY FOOLS SHEARER'S BOOT



You put your left boot in . . .

I AM amazed at the way the Football Association has made a special case of Alan Shearer (Shearer is in the clear, May 13). The fact that his case can be heard within days whereas other players must wait months suggests an intent to protect a player who is seen as valuable to England's World Cup campaign. Shearer's first defence was that he was trying to free his trapped foot. I have only seen the footage on TV but it shows Shearer's left foot waving in the air. Perhaps he could tell me how it is possible to release a trapped right foot by waving the left foot around. Michael Coyle, London.

PERHAPS we can now look forward to a retrospective pardon for Everton's Duncan Ferguson who was imprisoned for butting a fellow player. We now realise he was simply trying to engage in intimate conversation. Michael Allen, London.

WE'VE had the hand of God. Now we have the foot of God. Great Missenden, Bucks.

DON'T think Peter Silverton can claim the Village People's hit Go West as an Arsenal anthem (Ee-aye-lad-dio, May 13). Old Trafford can still be heard to sing "Ooh aah, Eric Cantona" to that tune and, of course, the same song

also forms the basis for the ever-popular chant: "You're shit, and you know you are." Perhaps this is where Mr Silverton's confusion with Arsenal originates. Chris Gibson, Manchester.

IF a club's record on racism was a factor in determining promotion or relegation, how many of the current teams would be in the Premier League? Over 7 per cent of the population are not white. Yet, figures from David Mellor's Task Force show Arsenal attract the highest percentage of non-white spectators — and it's only 4.1 per cent. David Lewis, London.

STEVEN Harris should check his facts before accusing people of racism (Letters, May 14). If he had watched Everton recently he would have been aware of black faces such as John O'Kane, Danny Cadamarteri, Earl Barratt and Daniel Amokachi. Ian Cherterton, Reading.

YOU quote Glen Hoddle as saying: "I want Paul to be 100 per cent physically and mentally, and I've always said he's got to meet me half way on that." (Gascoline is cleared to puff away, May 13). Can we therefore assume Gascoline will make the team if he's 50 per cent fit and half crazy? Steve Toft, Thiesles, Belgium.

ARE your criteria for selecting letters on philosophy (May 5) or Jean-François Lyotard (May 2 and 7) the candour of the rhetoric (May 5), the cleverness of the metaphors (May 7) or brevity (May 2)? How about rigour of thought for a change? Richard Friend, London.

Over most Asian struggles loomed the Bomb — Japan, Korea, Vietnam and now India

Down a shameful road

Martin Woolacott



MODERN Asia begins with the Bomb. Japan's war brought down the Western empires, while the nuclear attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were the climax of the effort which brought down Japan. The Asia we know was born of this double defeat. The phenomenon of atomic power, in its military and peaceful forms, immediately captured the attention of men like Jawaharlal Nehru, who helped set up a nuclear research committee as early as 1946, Mao Zedong,

whose party and army were for years to wrestle with the problem of American and Russian nuclear might, and Kim Il-sung, who was to face the possibility that the American bomb might be used in North Korea.

The bomb's shock wave rippled on through south-east Asia and the Pacific, where British and American servicemen were miraculously relieved of the duty of months of further fighting. It reached young men like Suharto, then a lieutenant in the Japanese-trained Indonesian defence forces, sending him rushing back to regimental headquarters to confer with other officers on the future — a moment that could be seen as the beginning of the career that later brought him to power in Jakarta. Among its other myriad effects, it propelled the writer Laurens van der Post out of his prisoner of war camp in Java, first to advise the bewildered Japanese, then to join the British occupation forces. He noted in a book on his experiences, published many years later, that the savagery of the war, cul-

minating in the final nuclear atrocity, should have created a psychological opportunity for reconciliation — between Westerners and Asians, and between Asians themselves. If there ever was such an opportunity, it was missed, with the Western powers soon exerting themselves to resume control, first directly and then indirectly. That was a process which evolved into the struggle between communist and non-communist Asia and then, after Vietnam, into a more complex situation in which America and China enjoyed a degree of rapprochement. Among the countries divided by the first phase of this struggle was Indonesia, where Suharto, now a general, emerged as the country's leader after the suppression of the communist movement and the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of people.

The Asian struggle also brought fighting to Malaya, Cambodia, Laos and parts of Thailand, split Korea and Vietnam, split India against China in the 1960 war, and

contributed to three bouts of Indo-Pakistani hostilities. And over most of these theatres loomed the bomb, which General Douglas MacArthur wanted to drop on the North Koreans and, if necessary, the Chinese; which the French wanted the Americans to drop on the Vietnamese around Dien Bien Phu; and which the Indians feared, when the Americans sent a carrier task force to the Bay of Bengal in 1971 — to give three examples.

The bomb obsessed the Chinese, who first test was in 1964, even as they elaborated unconvincing theories of how Chinese society could survive a nuclear exchange with the US or, later, Russia. In the early 1970s, British reporters were sometimes shown the nuclear "shelters" beneath the streets of Beijing. One entered through secret sliding panels at the back of shops, operated at the touch of a button by a salesman still holding the pair of shoes he had been showing customers. Below were blank corridors lit by insecure bulbs and ventilated by tiny labouring fans

in air shafts through which the sky could sometimes be glimpsed. This tatty array was supposed to convince foreigners and ordinary Chinese that the people of Beijing could survive a nuclear attack.

ON THE broadest canvas, the two Asian shocks of recent days — the Indian nuclear test and the Indonesian chaos — grew out of the same dangerous past, deriving from the two phases of confrontation that followed the Japanese defeat. Stability is such a favoured word in Asia that it is easily forgotten how little there has been of it. Without these confrontations, especially after the Sino-American rapprochement, India would not be so preoccupied with achieving a nuclear balance with China. Without these confrontations, Suharto might never have come to power, or, if he had, might have stepped down at a much earlier stage — in 1978, for instance, when students and many others called for his departure as vigorously as they are doing today.

In a way, the first phase set him up, and the second, after Vietnam, tended to pull him down. The scholar of nationalism Benedict Anderson, in an illuminating recent piece in the London Review of Books, shows how the development of south-east Asia was shaped by massive American war-making and intervention. Intensive Japanese economic activity, an inward-looking China, and the energising effect of the Chinese diaspora. All these factors have changed. America's interventionism and Japan's economic dynamism have diminished. A now outward-looking export-driven China cannot avoid undercutting the south-east Asian economies, even if it resists devaluation. Finally, the overseas Chinese entrepreneurs have been drawn, in Indonesia especially, into an alliance with the political elite whose disadvantages are now obvious for both sides. These changes would have undone the Asian "miracle" in south-east Asia in time, even without the debt crisis of last year. Now they particularly threaten Indone-

sia, the only remaining unreconstructed regime from Cold War days, its siblings in the Philippines and Thailand being long gone.

The Asian miracle was one casualty of the strategic changes in the region. So is India's policy of nuclear restraint. The same shift in American priorities which undercut the "tough on communism" regimes of Asia also put India at a disadvantage. America has made and is making efforts to persuade China to cease nuclear and missile aid and trade to Pakistan and Iran. But New Delhi still saw India as the only country with nuclear capacity that was not receiving technical help from an outside power. Previous governments carried on with missile development, and one came close to testing. Then came the arrival in power of the Bharatiya Janata Party, with its strong nuclear rhetoric. And so Indian scientists and soldiers went down what

is now, 2,000 tests after Los Alamos, a familiar and unavoidably shameful road.

Those men on the spot no doubt experienced the same mixture of triumph and unease felt by the men who first exploded a nuclear bomb. Elated by what they had achieved, they were also fearful of it. Robert Oppenheimer, the chief scientist of the second world war nuclear effort, famously found quotations from the Bhagavad-Gita to express his feelings when the first bomb was tested. One was: "Now I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds." The other was: "The good deeds a man has done before defend him." The Indians would prefer the latter thought, appealing to their history of nuclear restraint to excuse this week's decision, which they insist on seeing in the narrow frame of national security. What they do not yet see is that the present emergency in Asia springing out of a past in which war, nuclear manoeuvres, economic growth, and political choices were dangerously intermingled, as they still are today.

Saturday opinion

Jet planes and the media spawned these summits. But now, haven't they peaked?

Clamp the motorcades

Mark Lawson

SHEPHERD's Bush roundabout may not be the best part of London — a police sign seeking information on an assault or murder seems to be a frequent feature — but those who walk regularly around White City and Holland Park are offered an unadvertised bonus. For this is motorcade city.

It is the sudden whistling you hear first, like several football matches playing on adjoining pitches. Looking round, you see the police out-riders, with their oddly balletic arm-signals, blocking the traffic at the cross junctions. Then comes the slick of limousines. In the past year, President Clinton, President Chirac and Prime Minister Jospin and Bertie Ahern are merely the most famous to have waved to the shoppers and drop-outs on their way to and from Heathrow.

Now wave back. For the visit of a foreign leader is now routine. Soon it will be Emperor Akihito on way to meet the Queen. And, while the Shepherd's Bush roundabout may avoid the G8 leaders gathering in Britain this weekend, the Birmingham Bull Ring will get the callisthenic and whistling motorcades.

Exciting — and lucrative — though the conference may be for Birmingham, it is difficult elsewhere and beyond perspectives of regional publicity not to feel a sense of council elections falling the week after a general election. Clinton and Chirac were visitors to this country so recently. It seems astonishing now that.

At a G8 summit, debate has now been replaced by holiday snaps

just 25 years ago, the arrival in Britain of President Richard Nixon was covered live on television, the progress of his plane along the tarmac described by a *Time* reporter.

The close proximity of the G8 conference in Birmingham and the state visit by the Japanese Emperor and his wife usefully focuses attention on the point of these diplomatic jamborées, these golden handshakes given to the politicians of other nations. Have summits, as it were, reached their peak?

Although they now sit in the political calendar, the inevitability of religious festivals, G8 summits (G7 until the admission of Russia) are surprisingly young: the first was in France in 1975. The histories of politics, aviation and the media came together to spawn the idea of these regular meetings.

AT FIRST the agendas were entirely economic, as was the time of fiscal uncertainty, mainly oil-related. These well-lubricated conversations were intended to reduce protectionism and other national self-interest. Yet equally relevant to the birth of the group summit at this time was that enough years had passed for the concept of the multi-leader conference to be rehabilitated after the notorious post-war carve-ups of Potsdam and Yalta.

This was also, significantly, a period when post-war optimism had given way to Cold War paranoia. There was a strong sense that these souped-up dinner parties were a glue of peace between nations. Better to

have a foreign leader's plane landing by invitation at your airport than a whole fleet from his air force arriving in your skies unannounced.

Indeed, aviation was also important to the development of the summit, as the Seventies were the period when long-haul flying became routine and G7 was a grouping encompassing Europe, America and Japan. Made possible by jet technology, the meetings were in another sense made worthwhile by electronics. An increasingly hungry and speedy news media were on hand to transmit each handshake and toast back to the nations from which the revellers had come. Finally, there may, more generally, have been something in the air at that time. The late 70s saw the election of the first air-mile Pope.

BUT the early years of G7, this project for international consensus, had the misfortune to coincide with the long periods in office of two political iconoclasts: Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan. Every few chapters in Thatcher's memoirs there appears another satisfied account of the intransigence of Britain and America against the rest in some famous resort location.

So the British prime minister came to see these lavish get-togethers as an opportunity for bi-laterals with the American president on the afternoons off and a source of power-dressing travelogue for use in her campaign commercials. In turn, the summits themselves rapidly became a large-scale photo-opportunity, in which a nation showed off its best views for the cameras and the leaders of smaller nations jostled to get beside the big players in the team shots.

The developing world is given financial aid but, in the developed world, the substance most hungered for is status. A G8 meeting or presidential visit is a form of status aid for smaller nations. Thatcher and Reagan were dropped like food parcels on the charisma-starved leaders and media elsewhere.

For state visit, we should also read status visit. These too have become the political equivalent of the tour of a hot pop star to the lesser foreign markets. And, fittingly, it was John F. Kennedy, the Elvis of the democratic process, who created the modern market in such visits.

But Emperor Akihito, when he arrives in Britain, is unlikely to create the same excitement. The row over whether or not he should receive a royal gong — and whether or not the Duke of Edinburgh has a *deu* — merely underlines the stuffy irrelevancy of the event. Just as he did during the Diana week, Tony Blair will again embarrass the royals with their antiquity by staging his slick, modern, hi-tech summit so close to their own fustian show.

But there are two essential problems with the foreign leader's visit, whether in a pack or alone. The first is that voter cynicism has reduced interest in politicians while mass media coverage has stripped their mystique, as internationally active has over-exposed them. The second is that a summit requires high status. The true summits were the bi-lateral standoffs between Khrushchev and Kennedy, Nixon and Mao, Reagan and Gorbachev.

In this one perverse way, India's nuclear experiments this week are welcome in that they at least take this G8 beyond discussion of the vintage at dinner and the line-up at the pop concert afterwards. Otherwise, at a G8 summit, political debate has now essentially been replaced by holiday snaps. Nixon landed in England as an exotic and distant figure. Overseas leaders these days are at the back of a motorcade jam. Clamping may be called for.



Talking pants

Catherine Bennett



A NEW dress code means that Armand Watts is no longer mayor of Chesham. If the Chesham councillors would not let him wear his expensive sportswear in their chamber, then Watts was having none of them. In this newspaper, a full-length colour photograph

of Watts, in all his casual glory, illustrated what Chesham's matrons would, henceforth, be missing. He wore a lemon anorak. A pale green zippy top, stretched, somewhat tightly, over a little round tummy. Beige jeans. Black shoes.

If, as the ancient semiotics tell us, clothing is a language, a sign-system, then Watts's clothes were trying to tell us something. But what could it be? "Help," perhaps? Maybe the clothes were saying, "I'm so sorry, this is all I have. I can't afford a suit and tie, of the sombre and unshowy variety conventionally worn, the Mayor. But this must be a misanthrope, for as Watts confirmed, he owned a selection of suits, he just didn't waste them on the council chamber. Moreover, he rather unkindly pointed out,

his separates were of the first quality, far more expensive than his critics' humble suits. Maybe the clothes said, "I am anti-establishment." In its ostentatious inappropriateness, the outfit was a piece of "conspicuous outrage", as Quentin Bell defined the wearing of clothes deliberately to annoy and offend. Watts's sportswear articulated his contempt for Chesham's decaying institutions. But in that case, why did he want to become mayor in the first place? And for causing real offence, there's still nothing to be done but to beat old-fashioned dirt.

The meaning turns out to be much simpler. Watts's clothes are, above all, babyish. Though tight, they are not sexy. He simply looks as if he's outgrowing them. You often see the same effect in a sprouting four-year-old, but

rarely in somebody over 40, who's no longer expanding, upwards anyway. Semiotically this turns out to be exactly what was intended. Watts is youngish, 29. His former colleagues are old. Their meetings were really boring. "I was very hurt that they were prepared to make personal remarks about me," he said, "especially as almost all of them are way over 40." To add to Watts's distress at this disrespect for his youth, his replacement is a 62-year-old grandmother, who favours matching cream shoes and handbags. It was, he complained, "a step back into the dark ages of politics".

In fact, as his colleagues may be aware, being so venerable, it is Watts himself, with his stubborn informality, who harks back to the dark ages, to an era of beards, matted

Politics has come down to a choice between that red tank-top and the ivory two-piece. His clothes were trying to tell us something. But what could it be?

jumpers and inappropriate, roots-affirming donkey jackets, from which it has taken his party almost a decade of unceasing Follettisation to emerge. New Labour wants nothing to do

with clothes as minority statements, unless that statement is, "I'm an autumn person." If the Third Way means anything, it means looking slick: smart suits and discreet ties for men, pink jackets and low-heeled courts for women. There is no place, here, for anoraks, which is why Robin Cook was anxious, after his wedding, to deny ever having associated with such a garment. "What I was actually wearing," he clarified, "was a rather expensive car coat." But not *too* expensive. New Labour has its own sumptuary laws, which dictate that MPs should, at all times, resemble middle-ranking building society personnel, unless they are Prime Minister, in which case they imitate a branch manager.

ARMAND WATTS might well be happier with the Conservatives, where leisurewear is also being used to semaphore a break with the past, a past, in their case, of chalkstrikes, brogues, and weekend cavalry twills. True to form, Hague has got the whole thing wrong: striving to make his party seem normal, he simply advertises its oddness. There was That Baseball Cap — the sartorial version of Munchausen's Syndrome. That "leisurewear" weekend, when MPs were forced to parade in interesting knits. Worst of all, there was That Pisa, by Portillo, for "some black faces, or people wearing open-neck shirts — perhaps with an Armani jacket". There is no need to listen to the blythe Conservatives talk, you need only look at the absence of any distinct political ideas, the only way is to dress popular, is to dress popular.

The fewer real differences there are between the parties, the more presentation and looking the part have come to matter. Just as Labour had to sever its links with the shabby pullovers of socialism, the Tories, suddenly lacking ideological confidence, feel they must also make themselves over. Politics has indeed come down to a question of outfits, a choice between that red tank-top and the ivory two-piece. The Hugo Boss or the Country Casuals. In the circumstances, the Chesham councillors were right to devise a code. Whether or not you want to participate in it, there is a language of clothes, and most people can understand it. This week, for example, Lis Hurley's dress clearly said, "look at my pants, not at the bride". And everyone did. We must hope it doesn't give William Hague any silly ideas.

Wineries are getting like battery farms: maybe we need a Campaign for Real Wine

Something smells

Matthew Engel



I WAS musing the other night over a bottle of sauvignon from the Languedoc (Domaine Bessac, to be exact — *un issu de vignes cultivées en agriculture biologique*) how very strange is my chosen profession.

Offer readers informed and definitive guidance on such subjects as "Should One Approve of the Government?" or "Should Blair and Clinton Start the Third World War?" and the letters come in only by the small sackload. It is possible that some readers considered themselves qualified to hold opinions on these subjects even in the dark days before 1998, when this column was not around to help. Offer, on the other hand, a little *jeu d'esprit* about organic wine, and suddenly the Mount Pleasant sorting office thinks it's Christmas.

Last month I reported that I had been served a bottle of organic wine, that this seemed to offer the pleasures of drinking without the hangover, and that further investigation suggested the wine industry was addicted to chemical gunk. The fact remains: the chances of the average diner being able to recognise a corked wine in one sip are slightly less than the chance of the chandelier falling on your head as you do so.

But there was another group of respondents: people who reckon that we are on to something. The Americans are already well attuned to the fact that the sulphur com-

welcome item of post was a package, apparently sent by a well-known supermarket chain, containing a sample case of organic wine. The senders should know I am incorruptible. If Waitrose think that this kind of stunt will get the name Waitrose into the Guardian, Waitrose have got another thing coming. Waitrose have.

Many readers wrote (mostly gleefully) that I knew nothing of chemistry. This was due to an understandable confusion between sulphur dioxide, which is used in wine-making as a preservative and a colour stabiliser, and hydrogen sulphide, which isn't, because it might kill you.

My ignorance of chemistry is hardly news: sad-eyed, harassed man called Mr Epstein was making the same point 30 years ago. And, given the popularity of our corrections column, it wouldn't do to get everything right.

Another group wrote (mostly pompously), rejecting my assertion that the practice of "tasting wine while the waiter stands over you was a ridiculous nonsense which forms a means of social control by restaurants over customers. The letter-writers insist this is essential to see whether the wine is corked or not.

The fact remains: the chances of the average diner being able to recognise a corked wine in one sip are slightly less than the chance of the chandelier falling on your head as you do so.

There is obviously a legitimate argument to be had about the exact definition of "organic". Sulphur dioxide itself causes debate even among organic winemakers. Most experts agree that to some degree it is essential. But some Californian purists are kicking against allowing it at all. What seems certain is that the big firms are using a hell of a lot, and that it is helping make many of us feel lousy.

even after drinking organic wines. This might have something to do with volume. But I am having fewer of them, despite a month of assiduous research. And I intend to be a damn sight more thoughtful about my drinking in future.

There is obviously a legitimate argument to be had about the exact definition of "organic". Sulphur dioxide itself causes debate even among organic winemakers. Most experts agree that to some degree it is essential. But some Californian purists are kicking against allowing it at all. What seems certain is that the big firms are using a hell of a lot, and that it is helping make many of us feel lousy.

Investigation suggested the wine industry was addicted to chemical gunk

They say you should never witness the making of laws or sausages. The same does seem to go for grapes. Last week I came across a report from the Californian Table Grape Commission on residues in stocks held in cold storage. Thompson Seedless (in a supermarket near you now), it says blandly, are particularly susceptible to excessive build-ups of residues from fumigants, and are limited in the US to a mere 12 "gasings". Fine word: "gasings". The consequence of this? I have no idea. I do know that the wine columns tell us less about gasings than gooseberries.

This month's What's Brewing, the *Camra* newspaper, contains a book review which touches on these issues and perhaps presages the start of a Campaign for Real Wine. "Most people think of wine as a craft product when in fact most wine-making is more akin to battery farming." It is a review of a book called *The Wild Bunch* by Patrick Matthews (Faber, £7.99) which champions the small growers against the mass combiners who are fooling people with their homely labels. This is a complex issue.

I can't pretend I am an expert. But I know when the experts are not telling us the whole truth. It's time the wine industry received proper scrutiny.

HUMDRUM POETRY CORNER. This week's list consists of street-names in Clapham and Wandsworth.

Cantley Avenue; Mandalay Road; Manchuria Road; Chivalry Road; Franconia Road; Leppoc Road; Tremadoc Road; Cresset Street; Cicada Road; Allfarthing Lane and Lavender Sweep.

<p>Warsaw</p> <p>from £200</p> <p>return inc. taxes</p>	<p>Oslo</p> <p>from £186</p> <p>return inc. taxes</p>
<p>Nice</p> <p>from £166</p> <p>return inc. taxes</p>	<p>Copenhagen</p> <p>from £152</p> <p>return inc. taxes</p>
<p>Brussels</p> <p>from £88</p> <p>return inc. taxes</p>	<p>Manchester</p> <p>from £69</p> <p>return inc. taxes</p>

All we cut is the price.

Return prices from London Heathrow.

For these and many more special European offers, contact your travel agent or call us (local rate) on **0845 6071632**

More offers available from other airports in the UK and Ireland.

British Midland
The Airline for Europe

Please consult available on selected dates and flights. Subject to availability. Travel must include a Saturday night stay. Flight prices include UK and foreign taxes, baggage, excess baggage, and other charges. All July 2000 rates are indicated.

Frank Sinatra

The Guardian Saturday May 16 1998

The voice of our century

THE popular music of this century is too vast to be embodied by one man, but Frank Sinatra, who has died aged 82, probably contained more of it than any other single figure. He was the first teenage idol, and the last of a line. He preceded Elvis and the Beatles, yet outlasted them. He began with Bing and ended with Bono.

His exit is what concerns us today, but Sinatra specialised in entrances. The orchestra would be tuning up, the audience finding their seats, and suddenly, with the house lights still on, in the midst of the noises of preparation, there he would be, on the stage, without fuss or announcement, as though he had just stepped off the street. Such underplaying was characteristic of his art, if rarely of his life.

A concern for the nuances of that art made him the singer's singer, but the more garish aspects of his existence — the alleged underworld connections, the fist-fights with gossip columnists, the whole overbearing ring-a-ding-ding macho thing — made him human. And, when all is said and done, he bequeathed us definitive versions of some of the century's greatest songs: *What's New*, *Angel Eyes*, *Volts For Your Furs*, *I've Got You Under My Skin*, *You Go To My Head*, *Someone To Watch Over Me*, *Come Fly With Me*, *My Heart Is A Turn Of Mind*, *My Funny Valentine* and a hundred others. These are his monuments.

Today's pilgrims will find only a parking lot on the site where he was born, 415 Monroe Street in Hoboken, a small New Jersey port standing across the Hudson river from lower Manhattan. He weighed an enormous 13.5lbs at birth, requiring the energetic use of forceps. His eardrums punctured and the skin of his face and neck torn by the imple-

ments, he showed no immediate sign of pain, and, believing the worst, the doctor turned to save the mother; but the infant was held under a cold-water tap by his grandmother until he wailed into life.

His genes were a blueprint for a refusal to take life as it came. Both his parents had been brought to America from Italy as children. His Sicilian father, Martin Sinatra, worked as a boilermaker and then as a fireman; he also boxed, under the name Marty O'Brien, and occasionally appeared as an extra in silent movies. But it was Martin's wife, Dolly, who exerted the stronger influence on their only child. Born Natalie Garavento, the daughter of a Neapolitan lithographer, she became active in Democratic politics in New Jersey.

Sinatra left Demarest High School at 16, having demonstrated no particular academic talent; his destiny had been determined a year earlier, when an uncle bought him a ukulele. Under the spell of Bing Crosby, he was singing in local clubs at the age of 17, aided by a \$65 sound system bought with a loan from his doting mother.

In the autumn of 1935 he auditioned for a New York radio show called *Major Bowes and his Original Amateur Hour*. Bowes put him together with a vocal trio called the Three Flashes, rechristened them the Hoboken Four, featured them in two short films (one involving a blackface performance, to the embarrassment of Sinatra, a lifelong anti-racist) and sent them on a national tour.

After three months on the road, sensing the onset of internal jealousies created by the attention he was already getting from their female listeners, he left the group and went home. For two years he hustled, singing in neighbourhood social clubs and pestering music publishers, until in 1938 he auditioned for a job at the Rustic Cabin, a roadhouse in Alpine, New Jersey. For \$15 a week he sang and waited on tables between performances, the bonus being a

nightly radio broadcast to New York. It paid off when the trumpeter Harry James heard the show and travelled to Alpine to hear and see the singer for himself. "He'd sung only eight bars when I felt the hairs on my neck rising," James recollected. That night he offered Sinatra \$75 a week to join his new band.

A season at the celebrated Roseland Ballroom, one block away from the jazz club of 52nd Street, brought him his first review. During the engagement he made his first recording with the band, *From The Bottom Of My Heart*, for the Brunswick label.

In the same month that he joined the James orchestra he married Nancy Barbato, whom he had met as a teenager on holiday with their families on the Jersey shore. She went on the road with him, cooking spaghetti for the financially pressed band.

To his credit, James did not stand in Sinatra's way when, early in 1940, Tommy Dorsey made a bid for the singer's services. Dorsey's trombone-playing had been one of the principal influences on Sinatra's vocal style. Singing while swimming underwater was a favourite exercise, giving him the breath-control to sing "through" the breaks between the lines of a song, avoiding ruptures that could damage the meaning.

"It's always been just this little guy telling this story," Ella Fitzgerald said of him, capturing the essence of his ability to get beneath the superficial design of a song. He had learned how to phrase a lyric from two other women singers: Mabel Mercer, the Staffordshire-born star of 1930s café society in Paris and New York, and Billie Holiday, whom he heard on 52nd Street in the 1930s.

Sinatra was with Dorsey from 1940 to 1942, earning \$150 a week. He had his first hit, *I'll Never Smile Again*, with the band, and thanks to exposure to radio and dance-hall audiences, and to his first feature films, the musicals *Las Vegas Nights* and *Ship Ahoy*, he was soon topping the polls in the music trade papers.

His efforts to enlist in the armed services after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in December 1941 were thwarted by his punctured eardrum, which gave him an automatic 4-F health rating. But throughout the war he did what he could as a non-combatant, notably making efforts to publicise Nazi crimes against the Jews — it was on a Dorsey date that he attacked a fan who made an anti-Semitic remark.

There are many colourful accounts of the circumstances surrounding Sinatra's escape from his contract with Dorsey, which gave the band-leader 45 per cent of the singer's earnings for life. One of them formed the basis of an episode in Mario Puzo's novel *The Godfather*, but according to the singer's own testimony it was not his Sicilian friends but his civilian lawyers who persuaded Dorsey to accept a settlement of \$75,000.

AN AUDIENCE made up of delirious bobby-soxers greeted the launch of his solo career on December 30, 1942, at the Paramount Theatre, New York. Slim and debonair, a couple of inches under six feet tall and weighing a couple of pounds under 10 stones, Sinatra redefined the appearance of the male pop singer, consigning the competition to obsolescence. He was being called the Lean Look and the Sultan of Swoon; eventually these were distilled to an irreducible sobriquet: *The Voice*.

Within a month his income rocketed from \$750 to \$25,000 a week; not long afterwards he moved from New Jersey to a house on Lake Tahoe in southern California, with a 10-foot fence to keep his fans at bay while Nancy brought up the first of their three children, Nancy Jr.

With the help of the arranger Axel Stordahl, and despite the interference of Columbia's recording boss, the dim-witted Mitch Miller, he was making some wonderful records. His own explanation for his popularity is probably the most acute: "It was the war years, and there was a great loneliness. I was the boy in every corner drugstore, to the boy who'd gone off to war."

There is some evidence that his shrewd press agent, George Evans, was already devising schemes to maximise the phenomenon: fans were paid to scream, and Sinatra sometimes took the stage wearing suits with weakened seams. At any rate his return to the Paramount Theatre in



Always his way... the more garish aspects of his existence made him human

PHOTOGRAPH: TERRY O'NEILL

1944 precipitated an event which became known as the Columbus Day Riot after 30,000 fans, unable to gain admission, ran amok in Times Square.

That year he sang at Ebbets Field, the home of the Brooklyn Dodgers, in aid of the Red Cross, and was received at the White House by President Roosevelt. His movie career advanced with Gene Kelly in *Anchors Aweigh* and appeared in *The House I Live In*, which carried a civil rights message.

But in the aftermath of the war, when the shrinking economy was putting an end to the swing era, a slow decline began. Perhaps it can be dated from the day in 1947 when he was forced to settle after a newspaper columnist, Lee Mortimer, had sued him for assault, following an incident at Ciro's nightclub in Hollywood which Sinatra claimed Mortimer had started by calling him a degenerate.

Soon it was open season. The California state senate committee on un-American

activities accused him of having "followed or appeared some of the Communist Party line over a long period of time". Another columnist, probably tipped off by a government agency, revealed that he had been seen socialising with the mobster Lucky Luciano in Havana, during a convention of Mafia heads. His abrasive response to these and other stories antagonised many gossip columnists.

What hurt more was that his vocal approach had been supplanted in the affections of teenage audiences by the likes of Frankie Laine and Johnnie Ray. This led to difficulties with Miller, who tried to revive his appeal by forcing him to record novelty songs. And in 1950 the death of Evans, his *consigliere*, left him directionless.

His personal life, too, had slipped its moorings. There were affairs with actresses and singers, including Lana Turner. He was dancing with her one night in 1947 at a club in Palm Springs, California, when he met Ava Gardner,

who was in the arms of the tycoon Howard Hughes. Two years later Sinatra and Gardner began an affair which culminated in their marriage in Philadelphia in November 1951, a week after his divorce from Nancy had been finalised.

By the time they married, Gardner was already the bigger star of the two. This created tensions and led to rows. During an engagement at the Copacabana in New York, he lost his voice for the first and last time. But out of it came artistic capital. "It was Ava who taught him how to sing a torch song," the arranger Nelson Riddle said many years later. "She was the greatest love of his life, and he lost her." Sinatra's emotional turmoil is preserved in his recording of *I'm A Fool To Want You*, in which the listener seems to be eavesdropping on a private and painful battle between ecstasy and tragedy. Their wedding was still eight months away.

When they separated in 1953, his fortunes were at a nadir. His Columbia deal was over, and so, apparently, was his movie career. Determined to resurrect himself, he signed with a new label, Capitol Records, on terms which clearly indicated the company's lack of confidence: this was a mere one-year contract, with no advance payment against future royalties.

Sinatra wanted to play the lead in *On The Waterfront*, but was beaten to it by Brando. So he pleaded with Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia Pictures, to give him the part of Angelo Maggio in *Fred Zinneman's From Here To Eternity*. As with the Dorsey deal, there were rumours that outside assistance had been necessary to secure Cohn's assent, but the result was a best supporting actor Oscar in 1954, and a relaunched career.

There was a change of visual image, too. His boyishness had gone. The figure slumped on a bar counter or leaning against a lamp-post on the covers of his new Capitol LPs was clearly a mature

man. Wearing his new wardrobe of dark single-breasted suits, white shirts and snap-brim hats, he was in tune with an audience of young adults who were enjoying the Eisenhower-era prosperity and found his music the ideal soundtrack to the new world of G-plan furniture and menthol cigarettes.

Between 1953 and 1960, he created a sequence of albums which remain definitive statements of 20th century American song, each devised as an informal song-cycle exploring a particular emotional climate, taking advantage of the great range and depth that experience had brought to his interpretations. Of his interpreters, Nelson Riddle displayed the clearest understanding of the singer's altered temperament, a rare gift for orchestral colour enabling him to locate the precise settings for the finger-snapping optimism of *Songs For Swingin' Lovers* and the elegant melancholy of *In The Wee Small Hours*. These classic albums were followed in 1958 by *Only The Lonely*, an astonishingly complex and assured meditation on emotional loss.

In Hollywood Sinatra broadened his range by playing a heroin addict in *The Man With The Golden Arm* in 1955, followed by the successful musicals *Guys And Dolls* (also 1955), *High Society* (1956) and *Pal Joey* (1957), and *The Manchurian Candidate* (1962). John Frankenheimer's atmospheric Cold War drama, *Julius and Ethel*, disappointed him; his filmography consisted of little more than action and adventure films.

DIVORCED from Ava in 1954, he romanced Kim Novak, Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall, Shirley Maerline, Dorothy Provine, Jill St John, the heiress Gloria Vanderbilt, the dancer Juliet Prowse and many others. He was also gathering around him a group of male friends who became known as the Rat Pack, comprised of the singer Dean Martin, the entertainer Sammy Davis Jr, the actor Peter Lawford, and the comedian Joey Bishop. Associate members included his close friends Jilly Rizzo, owner of nightclubs in New York and Miami, and Jack Entratter, operator of the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, where Sinatra appeared regularly. This only child was clanish by nature, and in the early 1960s he built a spread of de luxe bungalows in Palm Springs, as a base camp for himself and his entourage.

At the dawn of the 1960s he left Capitol to form his own label, Reprise Records, in partnership with Warner Brothers. By this time he was rich, earning around \$4 million a year, and powerful, with links to a variety of worlds, notably John F Kennedy's Camelot. He produced Kennedy's inauguration gala in 1960; two years later, during the Cuban missile crisis, he was tipped off in time to plan his family's evacuation in advance of an expected Soviet nuclear attack.

But his relationship with the White House cooled under the influence of Bobby Kennedy, the Attorney General, who was conducting a war on organised crime and felt that Sinatra's links with the gambling world could damage the administration. In 1963 Sinatra's licence to operate the Cal-Neva Lodge, his \$4 million casino hotel at Lake Tahoe, was taken away after the Nevada Gaming Commission uncovered his relationship with Sam Giancana, a Chicago Mafia boss. He had appeared at Giancana's nightclub in Northbrook, Illinois, as a thank-you for contributions to JFK's campaign; he had also entertained Giancana at the Cal-Neva. Subsequently the singer, the mobster and the president were said to have shared a mistress, Judith Campbell Exner. That was as close as anyone ever got to putting the finger on Sinatra's rumoured Mob connections. In 1961, after gaining access to his personal files under the Freedom of Information Act during a long legal battle, he won his casino operator's licence back.

The advent of the Beatles aged a lot of singers overnight. Sinatra responded with a bout of introspection, the 1965 album, *September Of My Years*. Yet only a few months later he married a 19-year-old actress, Mia Farrow, and demonstrated his continuing artistic virility by winning Grammy awards — the US music industry's Oscars — for an album, *A Man And His Music*, based on a successful TV special, and a hit single, *Strangers In The Night*. And at the end of the 1960s he had an even greater success with *My Way*, a lush French ballad with an English lyric by the singer Paul Anka which gave Sinatra the opportunity to explore some of the more rebarbative facets of his own character.

The combination of cockiness and vulnerability that once seduced the bobby-soxers had decayed over a quarter of a century into a defiantly maudlin solipsism. By now the voice which had bloomed in the 1940s and ripened in the 1950s was starting to wither, as the 1960s wore on. In March 1971 he announced his retirement, taking his final bow at a gala performance in Los Angeles. But no one was very surprised when he revoked his decision two years later, releasing an album with a typically self-mythologising title: *Ol' Blue Eyes Is Back*.

The remainder of his career gradually assumed the air of a 20-year farewell tour. Despite the occasional success with congenial material (such as Sondheim's *Send In The Clowns*), the later recordings were generally uninspired. The stage shows, scorned with an impressively reckless disregard for his age, were eventually marked by a reluctance not just on Frank Jr, who conducted the orchestra, but on large teleprompter screens at all corners of the stage, feeding him lyrics and patter. Even as his powers waned there was the occasional hallucinatory glimpse of the slim, youthful figure perched on a bar stool, a jacket over his shoulder and a cigarette between his fingers.

Many of his later appearances were charitable fund-raisers. Politically, he had long since eased away from the Democrats, transferring his allegiance to the presidency of Nixon. Bush and his old friend Reagan, whose inauguration he hosted. Personally he remained on good terms with his former wives, particularly Nancy, the mother of his children, and was successfully married for a fourth and last time in 1976 to Barbara Marx, the former wife of Zeppo Marx.

Gradually, he was transformed from a singer into a symbol. In the mid-1980s, with a suite of dances titled *Nine*



He changed from a singer into a symbol as he made a 20-year farewell tour

Sinatra Songs, the American choreographer Twyla Tharp showed us that even his lesser creations — *Strangers In The Night*, *Softly As I Leave You*, *Somethin' Stupid*, *Forget Me Not*, *My Way* — had a special value of their own and a place in our collective consciousness.

In 1993, astonishingly, he topped the charts again with an album called *Dues*, in which he was joined by singers both obviously compatible (his old friends Tony Bennett and Lisa Minnelli) and staggeringly improbable (Bono and Gloria Estefan). The partners, often thousands of miles away from the studio at the time of recording, were linked by fibre-optics and digital technology, and by a collective reverence for the old man whose world they were entering.

Early in 1994 Sinatra faltered on stage at Radio City Music Hall while making a speech in acceptance of a lifetime achievement Grammy award. Long-standing rumours that he was suffering from the onset of Alzheimer's disease gathered force. A week later, performing in Richmond, Virginia, he collapsed in front of 3,600 people while singing *My Way*. After being taken to hospital, he swiftly discharged himself and flew home to Palm Springs and a real retirement.

All that remained was the following year's celebration of his 80th birthday, its highlight an internationally televised party at which he was serenaded by the surviving giants of American popular music. The guest of honour chose not to sing. His work was done.

Richard Williams

Francis Albert Sinatra, singer, actor; born December 12, 1915; died May 15, 1998

He began with Bing, and ended with Bono

صوتنا من الامم

Northern Rock investigation prompts warning from OFT director

Banks ordered to play fair

Jim Treanor

THE Office of Fair Trading told banks yesterday to treat their customers fairly or risk court action. The warning followed the OFT's investigation into complaints about Northern Rock, which John Bridgeman, the Director General of Fair Trading, said raised questions about "a cavalier attitude towards savers".

Some of Northern Rock's 1.1 million customers have complained that their accounts were restructured without notice, leaving them locked into accounts which paid lower rates of interest. The complaints have already prompted a Government-led inquiry by Helen Liddell, economic secretary to the Treasury.

These grievances, which fall under the Unfair Terms in Consumer Contracts Regulations, prompted the OFT to take a preliminary look at other banks and raised questions about the fair trading body that other banks may also run the risk of treating their customers unfairly.

The OFT has not received complaints about any other banks, however, and its investigation focuses solely on Northern Rock. The OFT will meet officials from the Newcastle-based bank on Thursday to discuss the matter further.

The future followed Northern Rock's decision to rationalise its 11 postal accounts into three - 60- and 30-day notice accounts and an instant access account. Customers worst affected were those transferred out of 60-day notice accounts into the 30-day notice account and those moved from 60-day notice accounts into the 30-day one. While these accounts

are often more user-friendly, they pay interest rates up to 2.05 per cent per annum less. "Customers do not expect banks to change arbitrarily the nature of a product, lock them into less favourable terms and conditions, fail to give adequate warning of any changes and treat some account holders differently from others," Mr Bridgeman said.

Northern Rock stood its ground. "We sincerely believe we have acted with the highest standards of probity and good faith in this as in all matters concerning our dealings with customers," Leo Finn, chief executive of the bank, said.

Relationships between financial services companies and customers are conducted under the Banking Code operated by the British Bankers' Association. Under the code, banks and other financial services companies promise to "act fairly and reasonably" in any dealings with customers.

Breaking old ties



John Major stayed true to the white tie but Kenneth Clarke opted for black while Gordon Brown stuck to 'working clothes' when addressing the City

London clings to the tail end of fashion

DAN ATKINSON on the latest trend

THE spirit of unbuttoned, modernised Britain is meeting tough resistance in one of the last bastions of old-style formality: the Corporation of London.

True, John Major always wore the traditional white tie. But Chancellor Gordon Brown took the annual Lord Mayor's dinner down a sartorial peg last year, appearing in a lounge suit.

True, his predecessor Kenneth Clarke had already "scruffed down" to black tie from the traditional white tie and tails. And true, the current Lord Mayor, Alderman Richard Nichols, is to allow Brown-style business suits at this year's annual Mansion House bash for the

chancellor. But the new dispensation is being granted only through grudging teeth. The invitation to meet "the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Governor and Directors of The Bank of England and Bankers and Merchants of the City of London" specifies black tie. But a small card paper, clipped to the invitation adds: "Should guests find it inconvenient to wear Black Tie, a dark lounge suit would be welcome."

A Corporation spokesman explained that the majority of guests would wear dinner jackets, but the Chancellor's dress would be a matter for him. Strictly speaking, white tie was never required at the Lord Mayor's bash, as it is a dinner (black tie/cocktail dress), rather than a banquet. White tie on the other hand is required for the City on all state occasions and for visiting foreign royalty.

In the real world, according to Moss Bros' commercial sales manager Alan Elford, formal wear is on the "up and up" as people rediscover the joys of dressing up.

Back in the Square Mile, white-tie will be back in favour on May 27, as bankers gather to honour Emperor Akihito of Japan. Someone at least continues to value the fine old British way of doing things.

Three times the International Monetary Fund, which is not a political agency, signed agreements with Japan and only on the third time of asking has there been any serious prospect that the reforms could begin and western cash be provided to shore up the creaking industrial and banking edifice. With the banks and markets closed and the rupiah suffering on the foreign exchanges for lack of economic or political support, all bets must be off.

That is a worrying prospect not only for Indonesia, where the drama is so vividly being played out, but also for Japan and the West's economic prospects. Suddenly the discussions held among finance ministers from the G7 last week on creating a new architecture look irrelevant as the region which provoked this debate turns in on itself.

The implication of Indonesia imperils the West's efforts to persuade Japan to move forward with economic and financial reforms, because it now has to sort out the implications for its industrial and banking investments in the strife-torn country.

If Japan is distracted from the central task of pushing through its own economic stimulus and financial reforms package, that will be a matter for the whole global economy. Each stage of Japan's reforms is being fought out bitterly among competing Liberal Democratic party factions in the Diet a battle which no one is yet convinced that prime minister Ryutaro Hashimoto is winning.

Both the US Treasury secretary, Robert Rubin, and the IMF's managing director, Michel Camdessus, are known to be fearful of the consequences for the global economy if Japan fails to act. Japan's economy is in recession and, although the proposed tax and stimulus package may provide a respite this year, it is by no means clear that Mr Hashimoto has convinced his country's power brokers that planned fiscal cuts should be rescinded. Moreover, the IMF believes that the Japanese banks have taken far too long to tackle their underlying problems, which it now seems will be compounded by events in Indonesia.

The numbers are startling for Japan but not that comforting for the rest of the western banking system. Either Japanese banks, the very same banks that are struggling with their own huge internal bad-debt problem, are the biggest lenders to Indonesia, or the Japanese must be ringing over the financial and economic consequences.

This is precisely the violent outcome in East Asia which the West has been struggling to avoid since July 1997, when Indonesia's currency, the rupiah, was caught in the backwash of the devaluation of Thailand's baht.

Of all the countries in the region, Indonesia was always regarded as the most worrying. Whereas South Korea and Thailand have installed new, reforming political administrations since the economic crisis, Indonesia has stuck with the old. Moreover, despite a series of delegations from the United States, including a visit by defence secretary William Cohen designed to read the riot act and underline Indonesia's strategic significance, the message never really got through to President Suharto and his cohorts who have long conflicted in allowing events to reach the present level of public disorder and strategic threat. It is not only Japanese banks that have been affected. Those UK lenders which have been so biased about the East Asian crisis, claiming that their experience in the region will protect them from big debt write-offs, are also exposed now. HSBC estimated at the end of December that it had \$1.9 billion on loan to Indonesia; Standard Chartered has interests there and the Royal Bank of Scotland, despite the provisions it has made already, could face further exposure.

Indeed, much of the economic stabilisation for the region which has been put in place by the IMF and others has been dependent on Japanese finance, with Tokyo providing \$6 billion of the \$40 billion rescue package. The first tranche of \$1 billion being intended to replenish the country's foreign exchange reserves. However, it may be Japan's own reserves which need replenishing soon. Despite interventions in the foreign exchange markets and the pronouncements of the Group of Seven, the yen is close to its weakest level in history, at 135 to the dollar. The market is equally sick, with the Nikkei index edging down towards the 15,000 mark (against 28,181 at its peak in December 1989), while other leading equity markets are close to all-time highs. The markets plainly believe that Japan is on the edge of an abyss; Indonesia is pushing it that much closer. The other industrial countries cannot now claim it is simply East Asia's problem. The prolonged recession and disinflation in Japan represent a siren which will be sounding loud and clear in Birmingham this weekend.

Both the US Treasury secretary, Robert Rubin, and the IMF's managing director, Michel Camdessus, are known to be fearful of the consequences for the global economy if Japan fails to act. Japan's economy is in recession and, although the proposed tax and stimulus package may provide a respite this year, it is by no means clear that Mr Hashimoto has convinced his country's power brokers that planned fiscal cuts should be rescinded. Moreover, the IMF believes that the Japanese banks have taken far too long to tackle their underlying problems, which it now seems will be compounded by events in Indonesia.

Rail leasing companies need tougher controls, says report

Call for new code of practice after managers pocket millions

Keith Harper
Transport Editor

BITAIN'S three private rail-leasing companies are too powerful and should be subject to tougher controls, the rail regulator, John Swift, ruled yesterday. He told the deputy prime minister, John Prescott, that a new code of practice should be drawn up and that any abuse should be heavily penalised under powers given in the regulator in the new Competition Bill.

Mr Prescott welcomed the report although it falls short of what he had asked Mr Swift to do. Regulating the three companies would require new legislation, but there is little likelihood of this for at least two years. The deputy prime minister said that he would consider Mr Swift's report and announce his conclusions later, probably in his transport

components of the new look privatised industry because of the vast profits made by managers who bought shares in them. In the most notorious example, Sandy Anderson pocketed £33 million from the sale of Porterbrook to Stagecoach. The other sales were of Ever-sholt to a management buy-out team, subsequently acquired by Forward Trust, and Angel to Nocomura and later sold on to the Royal Bank of Scotland.

Mr Prescott welcomed the report although it falls short of what he had asked Mr Swift to do. Regulating the three companies would require new legislation, but there is little likelihood of this for at least two years. The deputy prime minister said that he would consider Mr Swift's report and announce his conclusions later, probably in his transport

Partners in law firm jailed for £1 million fraud

Dan Atkinson

ALL three top partners in a law practice which kept itself in business by systematically milking client funds of more than £1 million were beginning jail sentences last night. The senior partner was a former coroner and public appeals tribunal chairman.

Lionel Skingley, founder of the practice, was the "foremost and dominant partner" in the fraud, the trial judge said. He was jailed for three years. Skingley was also part-time chairman of the Social Security Appeals Tribunals and of the Disability Appeals Tribunals and Child Support Tribunals.

In the 1970s he was coroner for north Kent. But behind the facade of respectability, he was taking money from client accounts in order to keep Skingley and Co in business. Two partners from the same practice, Geoffrey Hutton and Robert Hammond, protested their innocence but were convicted. They had lacked the courage to plead guilty, said Judge Pontius at Knightsbridge Crown Court, London, jailing them for 3½ years each.

Skingley had admitted conspiracy to steal from his clients; 14 other counts were ordered to lie on file. The three men took money from the accounts of clients from the firm, which had offices in Rainham, Tonbridge and, for a while, Chatham, all in Kent.

Fault leads to US recall of new Beetle

Tony May

VOLKSWAGEN is having to recall all of the new-design Beetles it has sold in the United States. Relunched 19 years after the demise of the cult car, VW's retro-styled replacement is based on the Golf, and has been sold only in America - from its plant in Mexico -

for the past month. The model started as a concept car on show at the Detroit Motor Show four years ago. After attracting rave reviews, VW asked customers to submit ideas for the car and launched it in a front-engine style complete with air conditioning.

The German manufacturer warned motorists yesterday that it needed to repair the wiring in all the 8,500 cars sold to avert possible engine fires. Spokesman Steve Keyes said three complaints of an air conditioning compressor malfunction had alerted VW to the problem. The engine wires were damaged through rubbing against the edge of the car's battery tray.

New Beetle owners, most of whom spent months on waiting lists to nab their bugs, are being notified by express mail. Dealers will replace the air and reroute the wires at no charge, VW said. Meanwhile BMW yesterday denied stock market rumours that it had reached an agreement with its rival, allowing VW to buy Rolls-Royce Motor Cars. Bentley brand from Vickers while BMW took over the Rolls-Royce brand.

News in brief

Allied Carpets takes a beating

More than £40 million was wiped off the value of Allied Carpets yesterday after Britain's second largest home furnishings retailer said that profits for 1997-98 would be considerably below last year's £13.2 million.

Ray Nethercott, managing director, said sales over the Easter holiday were 10 per cent down on last year, the first May bank holiday was below expectations and the "difficult" trading conditions would continue for the remaining six weeks of the company's year.

Sky pilots movies

Sky Television has signed a deal with World Productions to make three films as part of its strategy of boosting original production. The films will be shown on Sky's film channels next year, having been selected for production by general manager, broadcaster, Elisabeth Murdoch, and head of programming James Baker. World Productions is behind TV series for the BBC such as *This Life* and *Ballykissangel*.

News Corp enters fray

The \$4 billion race for control of US educational publisher Simon & Schuster broadened yesterday after Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation entered the running in unlikely league with the former "junk bond" king Michael

Finance **Guardian****At the St James' infirmary**

Football is not what Newcastle's directors will really be thinking about at Wembley. JULIA FINCH reports

THE directors' box at Wembley stadium will be shimmering with tension this afternoon. Wealthy men will sit shoulder to shoulder, muttering politely, but thinking only of tactics and victory.

The gentlemen in question are not the respective directors of Newcastle United and Arsenal; they are all Newcastle men. The tactics they are considering have nothing to do with flat back fours and sweeper systems; the victory they have in mind is unrelated to the Cup Final.

For, as soon as today's match is over, a new boardroom row is set to erupt at St James' Park.

Win, lose or draw, Newcastle will be back in the news in the coming days as company chairman Sir Terence Harrison attempts to impose his authority and force the Hall family, which controls 57 per cent of Newcastle United plc, to give up control of the club they have in mind — and financed — from Division Two to Premiership glamour.

The confrontation, deliberately delayed until after today's match, is expected to result in either Sir Terence or Sir John Hall cutting all ties with the club. Both are tough operators. Neither will give way easily. A source close to the club said: "There will probably be some very nasty scenes. We are expecting some blood on the carpet."

For the shareholders who invested in the club when it made its stock market debut a year ago the 12-month history

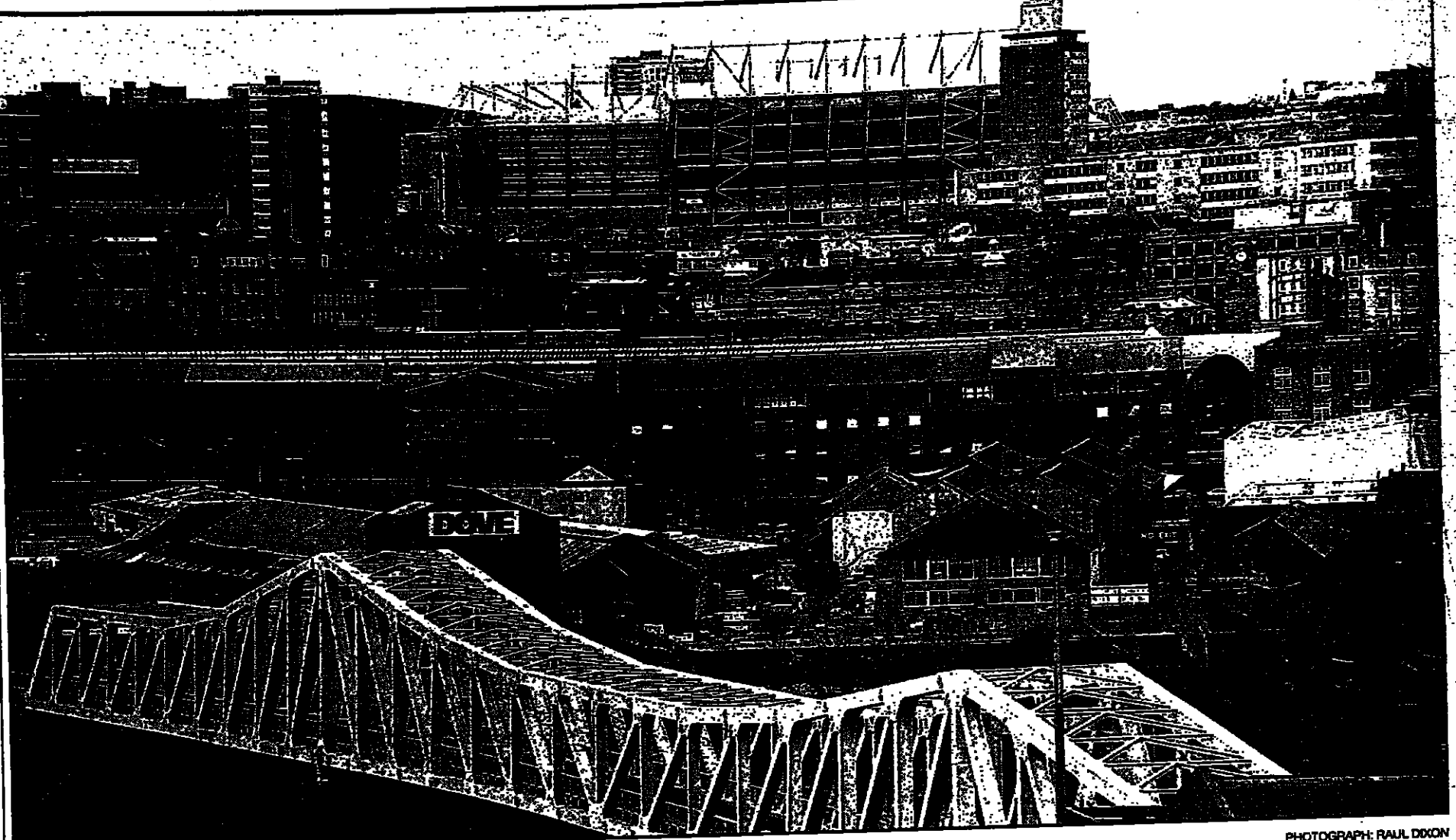
of Newcastle as a public company has been a bad scene. The shares have slid remorselessly; there have been almost as many boardroom resignations as Alan Shearer goals; the team's fortunes have waned; and there have been a distasteful number of large cheques handed around.

Chief executive Freddie Fletcher, and two other directors, who have since quit, were given £1.1 million "thank-you payments" for steering the club to the stock market. One of those two, Mark Corbridge, banked £800,000 for just eight months work before quitting.

Other directors shared £4 million in pre-float payouts. Even former manager Kevin Keegan, who quit before the club joined the stock market, received a £1 million float bonus.

Now, after Newcastle v Arsenal, we are about to watch Harrison v Hall. Each side has its own supporters. In the public battle, representing "Newcastle Football Club" and its chairman, Sir John Hall, is an ex-Sun reporter who now works for a firm of Glasgow media consultants. Meanwhile Newcastle United plc — the club's parent company — and Sir Terence have employed a top firm of City spin doctors.

The new row is directly linked to the scandal which engulfed the club in March. At that time the club's two leading shareholders, Douglas Hall — Sir John's son — and club chairman Freddie Shepherd, were the target of a Sunday newspaper exposé, in which they allegedly boasted



St James' Park, the football club's stadium on the hill at Gallowgate, dominates the Newcastle upon Tyne skyline

PHOTOGRAPH: RAUL DIXON

about fleeing the club's fans and made disparaging remarks about the women of the North-east.

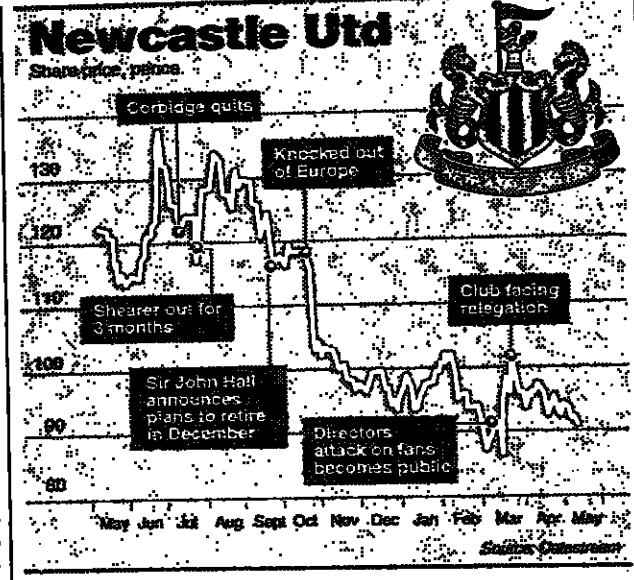
It was also claimed that the duo referred to star striker Alan Shearer as "Mary Poppins" and bragged about their serial sexual conquests and European brothel-creeper.

The two made a public apology and fled the country. Had Newcastle still been a private

family company they could have lain low and waited for the furore to die down. But public companies demand higher standards.

The sex, drugs and rip-off allegations were repellent to the three high-profile businessmen who had been drafted onto the Newcastle board as non-executive directors at flotation to provide credibility and expertise.

The trio had excellent credentials. Sir Terence, a former chief executive of Rolls-Royce and chairman of construction group Alfred McAlpine, was appointed non-executive chairman. He was joined by Denis Cassidy, the former boss of Boddington's brewery, and John Mayo, the brief, young finance director of GEC.



£35 million. Neither is the family prepared to escape the attention paid to the club by making an offer to other shareholders and taking the club private again.

One thing is certain. Non-executive director John Mayo has had enough. "I thought it would be fun," he has been reported as saying. "It isn't." He is quitting.

With two new non-executives drafted in to represent the Douglas Hall and Shepherd shareholdings, that leaves just two true independents on the board — Messrs Harrison and Cassidy.

Even those battle lines are blurred, as Mr Cassidy is said to be quite sympathetic to Sir John Hall's position.

Some speculate he may even emerge as chairman, which would be ironic given that only six months ago he was ousted as chairman of the Liberty store group by controlling family shareholders.

Either way, the next fortnight will be decisive. Newcastle will emerge either as a respectable, conventionally-run organisation with a strong chairman or as a company no professional investor would touch.

Whichever, the result of the boardroom battle will certainly have a longer-term effect on the future of the club than the result of the Cup Final.

Life, the universe and everything.
(Programmes don't come any bigger).

LEADING EDGE. In the first of a new series Geoff Watts examines the latest theories on the formation of galaxies and the glue that holds all matter together. Thursday evenings from 21 May, 9.02 — 9.30.

BBC RADIO 4

92-95 FM & 198 LW

YOU'LL SEE THINGS DIFFERENTLY.

runs a unit trust specialising in football shares, has never invested in Newcastle precisely because of the Hall family's control.

Sir Terence believes the role of chairman of the football club (as opposed to the company) is an old-fashioned anachronism which serves only as a status symbol. He wants Sir John ousted and the post abolished. Sir John, however, has other ideas. According to sources close to the club, it is a far from foregone

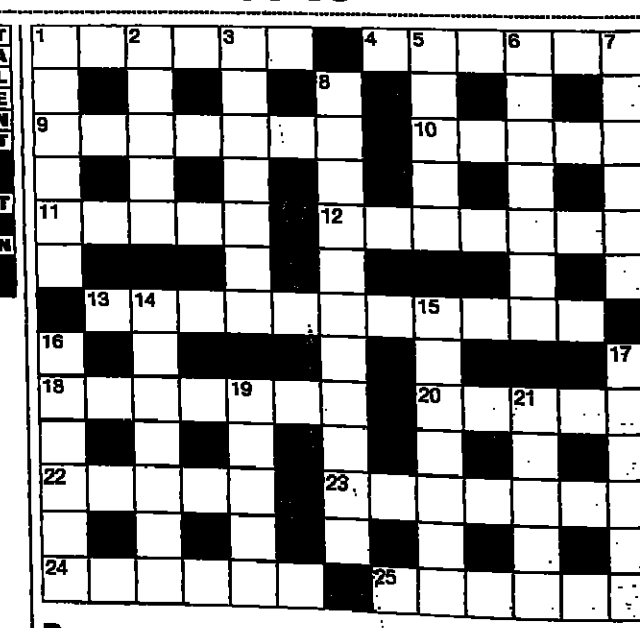
conclusion that he will step down at the end of this month, as Sir Terence wishes. His PR men don't even acknowledge he was appointed only until the end of this month, insisting he agreed only "to review his situation".

The Halls are far from keen on reducing their family stake in the business, especially as the current share price is hovering around 90p — a third down on last year's float price, cutting the value of the Hall family's stake by

Quick Crossword No. 8749

UPROAR ORBIT
N A S P R A
PICNIC RETAIL
P C E R Z E
SONO RELATION
R A E T
EONTARDARD
A M I V P I
PRISONER OUST
P N G I S T
ELOVED NOTION
A U A T L R
RISEN THREAT

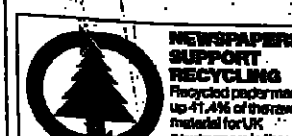
Solution No. 8748



- Across**
- Teaching establishment (5)
 - Ally (5)
 - The Archbishop of Canterbury, officially (7)
 - Reject (5)
 - Finished (5)
 - White art (7)
 - Saturated (11)
 - Ancient Semitic language (7)
 - Pinefore (5)
 - Slacken (5)
 - Italian wine (7)
 - Obtain — safe (5)
 - Calm, placid (5)

- Down**
- Cutlery — colour (5)
 - Clammy (5)
 - Late (7)
 - One getting up — a vertical pipe (5)
 - Difficult to pin down (7)
 - Ass (5)
 - Gets struck when playing badminton! (11)
 - Pale, sickly-looking (7)
 - Rock used in building (7)
 - The Bull (5)
 - Drives a vehicle (5)
 - Performer (5)

21: Scope (5)



مكتبة الامم

rdian
any

POWs
Memory and
forgetting 15



Books
James Boswell —
a genius among
biographers 16



Arts
Unrivalled coverage
of Cannes 18



saturday

May 16 1998

Back to basic instincts

Is the final proof that we are nothing but animals to be found in the pores of a man's armpit? **Luke Harding** and **Tim Radford** go on the scent of an unlikely link between sophisticated come-ons and primal urges

The dark recess of the human armpit — an unlikely place for the final triumph of Darwinism. But it is here, so a new theory goes, that the enduring mystery of why men are attracted to women, and women to men, is explained. Explained, in fact, by a new kind of aftershave. What distinguishes Athena Pheromone 10X from other perfumes is that its outrageous basic claim — wear it and you are virtually guaranteed sex — comes with a veneer of scientific plausibility.

The additive, which you mix with your existing aftershave, is made from a synthetic version of human pheromones. Pheromones are odourless, naturally occurring secretions which can be found, among other places, lurking in the human armpit. They are also something of a mystery. In the animal world it is well-established that pheromones help certain species attract mates. (A pheromone released by the female Atlas moth, to indicate she is ready to mate, can be detected by a male moth more than five miles away.) Do they work in humans? Nobody is sure. A new study, however, suggests that they do, stunningly well.

Enter the matronly figure of Dr Winnifred Cutler PhD, an American biologist who co-discovered human pheromones in 1986 and went on to invent 10X. Cutler is convinced pheromones play a crucial role in the complex mechanism of human desire and behaviour. If a woman pounces on a man, Cutler believes, she may have been aroused by his pheromones, detected on a sub-conscious level through the nose.

Cutler recently ran a trial using 38 male, heterosexual volunteers. They were neither exceptionally ugly nor "unusually handsome". Her research concluded that men wearing aftershave containing the artificial pheromone had a much greater chance of having sexual intercourse or sharing a bed with a woman than those who did not. Almost three-quarters of the men who smeared themselves with 10X reported increased romantic interest from women during the trial.

"Human male pheromones caused a statistically significant and distinct increase in the two most intimate behaviours: sexual intercourse and sleeping with a woman," the report states.

This leads one to a depressing anti-humanist conclusion: that, despite our lofty rhetoric, humans are little more than glorified chimpanzees, especially when it comes to the bedroom. Indeed, in the century since Darwin, biologists have got used to observing humans as if they were animals. Behaviourists decided 50 years ago that young, male humans behaved very much like dogs: territorial, aggressive and very interested in mating.

Other zoologists began observing that great human phenomenon of love: it began to look very much like any other form of mam-

malian mating, only more frequent.

Armed with this awareness, the biologists started looking at animals again. Creatures once supposed to mate monogamously for life — tits, budgerigars and other little birds — were discovered to be more like some Conservative MPs, ever in search of a bit on the side. Other scientists have been comparing troops of baboons, with observations of the health and status of Whitehall civil servants. Faintly alarmingly, they found the same pattern: the higher the perceived status of the individual, the better the health and life expectancy.

Where then does this leave us? Are we in fact little more than sophisticated versions of the Atlas moth? And do conversation, courtship, romance, and a good dinner at a nice restaurant count for little in comparison with the primal imperative of our armpits?

Mash, an ultra-trendy bar in the dense traffic jungle north of Soho in central London, seemed as good a place as any to put Cutler's extravagant claims to the test. The bar has its own micro-brewery, and makes a delicious beer which is the colour of fresh straw. More importantly, Mash boasts an attractive clientele of lissom young women. Would, then, Athena Pheromone 10X work?

In a mood of quiet expectancy, I mixed the additive with my regular aftershave, slapped it all over, and hopped into a cab. By the time I arrived, the bar was three-quarters full. I ordered a beer. Then I stood around, admiring the kitch mural opposite, of young seventies hipsters dressed in over-the-top summer gear and loose wear.

Four feet away, three young women were engaged in conversation. Strangely, they failed to notice me. I waited a bit longer for the 10X to kick in. And a bit longer. After 40 minutes, I gave up. This, the manufacturers would claim, was because I had not been wearing 10X for several weeks. And besides, results are not guaranteed for every man.

At the Marquis of Granby pub nearby, the crowd was more drunken and had spilled out on to the pavement to enjoy another sweltering May evening. Chelsea were only minutes away from delivering the killer goal which would seal their victory over VfB Stuttgart in the European Cup-Winners' Cup. To my left, idling in the road, a group of young women were enjoying their second and third glasses of dry white wine. Had they noticed anything special about me, I ventured? No, it transpired, they had not.

Fiona and Nadia confirmed what Professor Chris Perrins, a distinguished zoologist at Oxford University, had pointed out earlier: that humans were unusual in the animal world in their acute

reliance on sight, rather than the sense of smell. "It's the shoes," Fiona said, when asked what attracted her to a man. "You can tell a lot about a man by his shoes. That and clean fingernails. Looks is 99 per cent of it, to be honest."

"A big, beautiful man in a pair of tight white shorts," Nadia added. "That's what does it for me."

All very... well, *human* desires you would have thought. Except that they can easily be explained, apparently, by Darwinian instincts linking them to animal instincts. In the last few years Darwinian sages such as Edward O Wilson and Richard Dawkins have publicly argued that ultimately, Darwin's theory of evolution by the action of natural selection upon random mutation could explain all those things that were so far thought uniquely human — altruism, the religious urge, platonic love, even tight white shorts. The philosopher Daniel Dennett subsequently announced that Darwinism was "the best idea anyone ever had".

Recent books have used evolutionary theory to explain black holes, sport, play, culture, societies, the growth of cities and the success of this universe rather than others. It has also been used to explain language itself, and, as a corollary of this, the ability to write poetry. The animal nature of man has been used to explain infanticide, rape and coalition-building.

Most zoologists, however, shy away from drawing the ultimate Darwinian conclusion that when we commit crime, or vote for one particular party rather than another, or prefer Jeffrey Archer's novels to those of Melvyn Bragg, it is all down to animal passions. What humans do is a product not simply of "instinct" — whatever that is — but upbringing, peer pressure and received culture. Some things about human behaviour defy any one simple interpretation.

And so back to Cutler and her 10X pheromones. Are there really human pheromones that operate in the way insect pheromones do? At Cutler's Athena Institute of Biomedical Research, the answer appears to be yes. Here, a faint rustling can almost be heard in the corridors — the rustling of big money being made. In 1993, Cutler launched a synthetic pheromone additive for women, Athena 10:13, designed to enhance women's sexual attractiveness to men. Scientists took the pheromones from a healthy, sexually active woman in her mid-twenties. They then synthetically reproduced her pheromones in a laboratory, and put the creation into a rather boring bottle.

The results were a triumph for human credulity: \$1 million-worth of 10:13 sold in nine months, without any advertising. "It made my husband wild," Thelma from New Jersey gushed, in a testimonial posted on the Internet. "We were travelling to Florida for the winter in our 30ft motor page 14



Don't read Nick Hornby's new book.

THE LATE BOOK continues with Nick Hornby's "About A Boy", the story of Will, a serial seducer, with a novel chat up line, and Marcus, a kid with more than enough adolescent angst.

Weekday evenings, from Monday 18 May, 24.30 - 24.45

BBC RADIO 4

92-95 FM & 198 LW

YOU'LL SEE THINGS DIFFERENTLY.



Farrakhan — false messiah or victim of a well-orchestrated campaign of Islamist propaganda?

PHOTOGRAPH: BARRY THUMMA

Should we lift the ban on Louis Farrakhan?

Yes

Peter Herbert
Lawyer

No

Shmuley Boteach
Rabbi

Dear Rabbi Boteach, In January 1986, only four months after the disturbances at Broadwater Farm, the then Home Secretary, Douglas Hurd, issued a ban on the leader of the Nation of Islam, Minister Louis Farrakhan, from entering the UK. It was believed that his statements gave "reasonable cause to believe that if he came to the UK, he would be likely to cause racial disharmony and possibly commit the offence of inciting racial hatred".

Without the presence of Minister Farrakhan, racial harmony has proved an elusive concept for many African, Caribbean and Asian people. No African-American firebrand caused the murder of Stephen Lawrence, Rohit Dugal, Ruhallab Aramesh, Rolan Adams, the unlawful killing of Oliver Pryce and Shijil Lapite. These acts were the work of home-grown racism.

Since 1986 the exclusion order has been maintained on the basis that his presence in the UK would not be conducive to the "public good". The MP Bernie Grant and the Society of Black Lawyers decided last October to challenge the ban and to ask for whose "public" and for whose "good" it has been maintained. It is time for the black community to hear for ourselves what we are supposed to fear.

Yours sincerely,
Peter Herbert
The Society of Black Lawyers

Dear Peter Herbert, As head of a Jewish organisation which had an African-American president for a year, I am entirely sympathetic to your goal of achieving racial equality in Britain and ending the appalling outrages you describe. But Louis Farrakhan is a false messiah.

The great social advances made by African-Americans in the US were achieved under a giant of love and tolerance named Martin Luther King, not a racist bigot like Louis Farrakhan, who substitutes hatred of the black race for hatred of the Jewish race, as well as homosexuals and welfare mothers. His anti-Semitic speeches are legendary, labelling Judaism a "rotten religion", describing Jews as

"bloodsuckers", calling Israel an "outlaw state" and describing Hitler as "a very great man". In April, Farrakhan blamed Catholics for racial attacks in Connecticut, claiming that Catholicism "has been by white people, for white people to subject black people to a white kind of theology that strips us of ourselves". His disciples have called the Pope an "anti-Christ".

A flyer promoting a speech by Farrakhan described the speaker as "The White Man's Worst Nightmare"; it advertised tickets as \$7 for students, and \$15 for "Zionists, Uncle Toms and other white supremacists".

In 1996, Farrakhan told Libya's Gaddafi — who pledged \$1 billion to Farrakhan's political activities — that God would "destroy" America, "the nation of Satan" and likened the plight of the Israeli people to what Jews endured in Nazi death camps.

Allowing Farrakhan to incite racial hatred in Britain is the last thing we need.

Yours sincerely,
Rabbi Shmuley Boteach
LC/Chain Society

Dear Shmuley, Minister Farrakhan has been subjected to a well-orchestrated campaign of lies and Islamist propaganda from the US media. He was targeted to discredit his associate, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, in his 1980s bid for the Democratic presidential nomination.

Many of the comments attributed to the minister are newspaper headlines which bear little or no relation to what he actually says. No religion or nation state is above criticism nor should it be. The State of Israel has sought to inflict the suffering of its own birth on the occupied territories in the name of freedom, while ignoring UN resolutions and the terms of the Oslo accord. To that extent, the State of Israel is acting in breach of international law.

The Foreign Secretary, Robin Cook, learnt that any critic of Israel is likely to be labelled an anti-Semite when he visited the Har Homa settlement on the West Bank.

Minister Farrakhan recently visited Canada and Australia (where

he met the Home Secretary) as well as much of the Caribbean and Africa. Many of those jurisdictions have similar race hate and immigration laws to the UK and yet he has not been banned from any other country in the world, not even Israel! Has the UK such a fragile state of race relations that we would fall on our swords if he arrives? I think not. As the song says, he ain't heavy, he's my brother.

Yours sincerely,
Peter

Dear Peter, The Nation of Islam does not hide its prejudices. Its founder, Raed Muhammad, taught that the white race was produced thousands of years ago in a failed laboratory experiment by an evil wizard named Yacub.

There are scores of recent anti-Semitic Farrakhan outbursts such as his statement on March 19, 1995, that during the Holocaust, "little Jews died while big Jews made money. Little Jews [were] being turned into soap while big Jews washed themselves with it".

How would you feel about publications suggesting that the enslavement of blacks was due to a genetic inferiority, rather than a crime against humanity?

But why not at least deny Farrakhan's crimes against blacks? He recently appointed Muhammad Abdul Aziz, one of the men convicted of assassinating Malcolm X, to lead his Harlem temple. Indeed, Malcolm X's widow, Betty Shabazz, maintained that Farrakhan had played a role in her husband's death and "wore it as a badge of honour". Farrakhan had earlier acknowledged he "helped create the atmosphere" that encouraged Malcolm X's killers.

The State of Israel is the only democracy in the Middle East, and Arab legislators are elected to the Knesset. Don't preach to me about Israel's breach of the Oslo accords when 300 Israeli civilians have since been killed by Palestinian bombs and the PLO has yet to amend its charter calling for Israel's destruction.

But hatred for Israel is par for the course for a supporter of Farrakhan, a man whose recent 27-day world tour took him to no less than five countries described by the US as government sponsors of terrorism: Libya, Iran, Iraq, Sudan, and Syria.

Yours sincerely,
Shmuley

Dear Shmuley, Islamophobia continues to be a feature of the US political scene. One does not have to condone anti-Semitism or intolerance to argue the ban on Minister Farrakhan should be lifted. The black

community has a right to decide for itself who it shall hear in what manner and at what time.

The Nation of Islam has been a force for positive action within the African-American community; opposing criminality and drug abuse while promoting the nuclear black family. The Million Man March was the largest and most peaceful demonstration in the history of the US, bringing together African-Americans, Christians, Jews, Muslims and atheists.

The ban is both unreasonable and unlawful because there has not been a fair and constant application of the law. This government has not sought to ban the racist Jean-Marie Le Pen, nor any other fascist leader from Europe. Similarly no leader of the PLO, Hamas or any member of the governments cited as sponsors of state terrorism have ever been treated this way.

It is evident that if Mr Farrakhan were white and Christian there would be no ban — it is therefore a clear example of paternalistic British racism. When meeting president Nelson Mandela in January 1996, Minister Farrakhan summed up his own views when he said: "We will find that the worst enemy of man and mankind is neither black or white, Christian, Jew or Muslim. The worst enemy of all is ignorance."

Yours in the struggle,
Peter

Dear Peter, Racial equality is not a solitary struggle, but rather one which requires the combined energies of all who suffer its pernicious effects. Your desire to bolster the black struggle at the expense of Jew-hatred and homosexual-bashing is troubling.

Democracy is a fragile thing which must always be protected. A totally open society, in which any form of incitement is justified in the name of free speech, is the liberalism of fools. Remember, Hitler was elected by democratic means.

Minister Farrakhan's disciples have served as relentless agitators who have largely undermined black/white relations at American university campuses. We cannot allow this to happen in Britain. A just society harbours zero tolerance for intolerance.

Any benefits Nation of Islam may have brought to black society are quashed by the unforgivable crime of inciting innocent African-American youth to racism.

I take your well-made point about racism of Farrakhan's ilk like Le Pen. They too should be banned from entering a country justly renowned for decency and fair play.

Goodbye my brother,
Shmuley

Smallweed



IN AN ELEGANT 17th century ruin a mile or two out of Heckmondwike, a shameless demi-mondaine was intermingling... A pedant writes: Might I perhaps prevail on you to abandon this line of argument and do me the honour of replying to the reasoned defence of pedantry which appeared in this space last week while Smallweed was disporting himself on overseas territory?

Smallweed responds with delightful old-world courtesy: Why, certainly, and of course. I read what you wrote with interest. It seems to me that pedantry as defined by Hazlitt and Auden is utterly to be commended. The trouble is that the pedantry of today no longer meets those standards. It has descended into mere nit-picking. Your yourself are a fine example of that. Nit-picking about grammatical improvisations — the life-blood, it can be argued, of the language; nit-picking about what are clearly intended as flights of fancy; nit-picking about art, literature, music — everything, indeed, which, if pursued in exuberant freedom, makes these lives of ours worth living.

My advice to you in this festive season is this: pick fewer nits, my friend. A nit writes: I wholly endorse this sensible, public-spirited and long overdue advice.

AS I WAS saying: there is jubilation at the east end of Essex over the confir-

mation that Manningtree, on the estuary of the Stour, is the smallest town in the land. It is said to have beaten off Downwood and Bache, neither of which I had ever heard of, by having the fewest hectares — only 19.13 to their 37 and 38. And it only has 711 residents. In a sense this is all a bit spurious, since to a man from Mars, or even a man from Wimbledon, Manningtree is clearly part of a trinity with its adjuncts, Mistletoe, which is also, I'm told, a good-looking place, and Lawford, which isn't.

Never mind: having sat on a sunny morning by the strand where the boats are moored, and walked up gracious South Street to the Methodist church with the cupola at the top. I will not hear a word against Manningtree. It's entirely delightful. It is also, quite indisputably, a town, not a village. Its claim to township appears to have turned on proof that Manningtree had been chartered some 700 years ago to hold a market. But to Smallweed there's an even more telling proof: its townishness. You can often find townishness in villages, of course. Hirstpierpoint in Sussex is a village, but walk up its handsome main street and you all but taste its townishness. Remarkably in these times, Manningtree has a Crown Post Office, too, which even Wimbledon hasn't. That, I imagine, clinches it.

At THE steamroller of time! May is half way through its course, even in Manningtree: high summer looms, with the thravels of leather on willow and of Fleet Street on England captains, the wet and warp of strawberries at Wimbledon, preponderant Funn's on the Westminster terrace and granite-faced August looking around the corner. And still Smallweed makes scant progress on his project for the year: which was, you may just remember, to introduce readers

to people everyone seems to know about but I don't, or to make it an acronym as we're always expected to do nowa-days. Peshabids. Though I have not yet despaired of getting round to Gérard de Nerval — more properly, as you know, Gérard Labrunie — first in the queue this morning must be Count Alessandro di Cagliostro more properly Giuseppe Balsamo (1743-95) the Italian adventurer. It probably said "adventurer" on his passport.

Cagliostro was, as it tends to say in law court reports, a "be styled" count, not a real one, who marketed an elixir of youth which wasn't real either. In 1785, according to Chambers Biographical Dictionary, he was involved with the Comtesse de Motte and Cardinal Rohan-Guéméné in the Affair of the Diamond Necklace (you'll remember that, of course: who it might have been only yesterday). He was subsequently arrested for "peddling freemasonry" — not an offence I had come across before; whereas after he died in prison.

I invite readers to note that the entire course of this pen portrait I have at no point pretended to think that with a name like Cagliostro, he must be a Chelsea middlefielder. In Smallweed's view, such jokes are very last year.

An annualist writes: Very year before last, I'd say. Concerned (Clermont-Ferrand) adds: Could your reverence please be so kind as to refresh our memories about the Comtesse de la Motte and Cardinal Rohan-Guéméné? Smallweed warily ripostes: No, I jolly well couldn't.

The Readers' Editor on... creeping Americanisms

Don't think of it as art

Ian Mayes
Open door



CAN YOU read the Guardian without tripping over Americanisms? Do you care if you do — you may actually like them? I only ask because earlier this week I had a letter from a reader who said that if we did not stop dropping the definite article before titles like prime minister he would have to drop the Guardian.

He did not wish to read about "Prime Minister Tony Blair" — or worse, to read about something that someone "told Prime Minister Blair" — but he did mind reading about "the Prime Minister, Tony Blair". He wanted some reassurance, not only that we chose our words carefully but that when we abandoned them we did it with equal care.

Does the absence of the definite article amount to an Americanism? I think it often does: Prime Minister Blair, as in President Clinton. There, I suspect, lies the attraction. But whether it does or does not, we do condemn or condone it? I checked the response to this absent article with a few people around the office and it was condemned in varying degree by most of them. Yet there it is, nearly every day: an adopted device that helps to keep the language we use in the newspaper away from the language that the average reader would use, or indeed the language that we would use ourselves when

speaking or writing to a friend. Nevertheless we subscribe to a common delusion that it is demotic.

One colleague suggested that the main reason for dropping the definite article, at least at the beginning of reports, was the old newspaper anxiety to avoid starting every story in the paper with it. The cure, however, is sometimes worse than the disease, producing what the same colleague called, "the abominable habit of using nouns as adjectives before people's names". Here are two examples from a recent issue: ULSTER Unionist leader David Trimble faces the loss: CONVICTED child killer Sidney Cooke.

Another reason, my colleague argues, is the unquestioning continuation of a habit that he believes started before the second world war when it was necessary to save overseas telegraph costs. If you left out the word often enough you saved a lot of money. The habit, he suggests, survived the period of wartime newspaper rationing (when the absent the saved space) to become accepted style in first the tabloids and then the broadsheets — accepted up to a point, that is.

I am not sure what to say about all this. Open a newspaper and you may see language in a state of struggle and flux. We are meant to exercise an intelligent control over it. Coincidentally with the arrival of the letter pleading for the return of the the I noticed a couple of other things which jarred badly. One was a reference in an article about Rome, in our Saturday Travel section, to the city's "main shopping drag". The other was a reference to the Archbishop of Canterbury in last week's profile of him in this section, as Rev Carey (no definite article, no friendly George).

The writer of the Rome piece insists that the word "drag", in the sense in which she used it, is in her

normal spoken vocabulary (although her mother, she said, hated it). The Concise Oxford Dictionary describes it as US slang for street or road as in "the main drag". The New Shorter OED describes it simply as slang dating from the mid-19th century. Why would a literate British writer introduce it into a description of Rome?

The Archbishop's truncated title is either an Americanism — "let's put our hands together for Reverend Carey" — giving him a touch of the Southern Baptist, or the product of an mistaken idea that Rev exists as an acceptable British form, or (most likely here) a glitch in the writing or editing. In the context in which the reference occurs, the vicar, as he was then, should have been called Dr Carey.

We frequently get these things wrong even though there is clear, up-to-date guidance in a chapter in Crockford's Clerical Dictionary 1998/99, called How to address the clergy. Incidentally, it tells us that Reverend, Right Reverend, Very Reverend, Most Reverend, and Venerable, whether abbreviated or not, should always be preceded by the definite article.

This does not play well to an audience of Guardian journalists, who tend to be snuffy about titles in any form and to mumble political objections as an excuse — a justification almost — for getting them wrong. Scandalous.

We may aspire to accuracy and elegance, but this is after all a newspaper and we are after all journalists. I'll borrow — quite out of context — the words of an admired American, James Agee: "Above all else, in God's name don't think of it as Art."

It is the policy of the Guardian to correct errors as soon as possible. Readers may contact the office of the Readers' Editor, Ian Mayes, by telephoning 0171 239 9589 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday. Fax 0171 239 9897. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk

Back to basic instincts

page 13 home. We have now nicknamed it the Love Shack.

"What a difference, Jan, another happy customer from Arizona, thrilled. The men have been flying around me like bees to a honeypot."

Two years later, Cutler returned to the marketing fray with Athena Phormone 10X for men. Its unashamed purpose was "to increase the romantic attention you receive from women". The scientists went back to the armpit. This time the armpit of a fit, sexually vigorous young man in his middle twenties.

"My wife does things she would never have done before," Sammy, a happy 10X customer from Taiwan, declared. "We are talking about science here, not fantasy," Cutler insists. But is she?

What motivates Cutler is not money (though 10X seems likely to generate lots of it), rather a variety of what could be described as old-fashioned hedonistic feminism. "My research has consistently focused on what behaviour women can engage in to increase their power, well-being, vitality and sexual pleasure," she says.

Others, though, question both her methodology and her conclusions. The 10X trial was carried out with researchers from the department of health and nutrition science at Brooklyn College, New York, and the department of psychology at San Francisco State University. Volunteers — aged 25 to 42 — were carefully screened to make sure they possessed adequate social skills. Over an eight-week period they were asked to document their sexual experiences — categorising them in six specific levels: affectionate behaviour or kissing; formal, pre-arranged dates; informal, spontaneous dates; sleeping next to a romantic partner; sexual intercourse; and



masturbation. Researchers secretly gave 17 of the men after-shave mixed with 10X. The other 21 men formed a placebo group and were given unadulterated aftershave. The report has been greeted with some scoffing in academic quarters. "I'm very sceptical," Dr Luca Turin, a bio-physicist at University College, London, says. "I find it very hard to believe. Human behaviour is very complex."

And yet little bits of evidence keep popping up all the same. Even in the murky field of pheromones, there is evidence which looks like a mechanism for the survival of the species. In March, scientists in Chicago found the first solid proof that humans can communicate by pheromones. They demonstrated that odourless scents from one woman can influence the menstrual cycle of another, explaining the phenomenon of menstrual synchronicity, when women who live together find their cycles will coincide.

Other academics dismiss Cutler's findings as old hat. "It was done some years ago," says Dr Helena Cronin of the London School of Economics and one of Britain's leading Darwinians. "Women were given sweaty T-shirts that men had worn for a few days, and were asked to choose those they found the most attractive. There wasn't a single most attractive one. What individual women chose as the most attractive was, interestingly, the one that

came from the men whose immune system was most different from their own. So they were choosing a man least like themselves, with respect to immune system."

The point, Darwinians would say, is that the women showed an innate preference for a partner whose genes would, when mixed with their own, endow any future children with better survival equipment. There have been other experiments. Women given choices of soaked T-shirts have also tended to select not just those worn by males, but to then discriminate in favour of those from bigger, stronger or fitter males.

Earlier philosophers used to evoke the divine origins of man to explain the check humans seem to keep on their "lower" or animal nature. Post-Darwinian believers would still evoke God as an explanation for the obvious difference between humans and chimpanzees. Chimpanzee researchers are not so sure that humans are very different: they have detected political parties, altruism, adultery

and conversation in groups of chimpanzees. Altruism suddenly is not seen as a virtue: rather as a piece of useful you-scratch-my-back-I'll-scratch-yours machinery.

So are we merely animals? The answer appears to be no. Even the most triumphant Darwinian concedes that there are probably questions that cannot be satisfactorily answered by the scientific method alone. A furious debate continues to rage as to how much of human behaviour evolutionary theory can neatly explain, a debate that perhaps will never be comfortably concluded.

Back at the Marquis of Granby, I try another blind test with two young women, whom I bump into on the pavement. I am still wearing the aftershave, but my colleague is not. Which one of us do you find the most devastatingly attractive. I ask meekly. We stand awkwardly in line.

"Him," they reply, pointing at my colleague, as I make a mental note to myself to buy a new pair of shoes.



Homeward bound — emaciated Allied prisoners of war pack their belongings after being freed from a camp on Yokohama in September 1945

It's so hard to say you're sorry

As the row over Japan's treatment of POWs rumbles on, **Timothy Garton Ash** asks how we can forgive the sins of the past

Because the Queen will honour Emperor Akihito of Japan with the Order of the Garter, former prisoners of war propose to turn their backs on him and whistle Colonel Bogey as he rides down the Mall on May 26. This, with its mixture of Gilbert & Sullivan and the bitter memory of true horrors, is a peculiarly British version of a problem that plagues countries all over the world. That problem is: how best to deal with a difficult past, with memories of war, torture and repression. Forgive and forget? Remember and atone? Or something in between?

These days most people would start by saying, "well, of course we must remember". And someone will surely quote the philosopher George Santayana's famous remark that those who forget the past are condemned to repeat it. It's worth recalling that for much of recorded history the answer usually given was the precise opposite. Just a few days after the murder of Caesar, Cicero called for the memory of that terrible event to be consigned to eternal oblivion: *oblivione sempiterna delendam*. European peace treaties, from one between Ludwig of Germany, Charles of France and Lothar of Lotharingia in 853 to the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923, solemnly required an act of forgetting between former enemies.

In fact the whole idea that nations should systematically and publicly face up to their difficult pasts has only become commonplace since 1945. The pioneer was Germany after Nazism. The Germans were confronted with incontrovertible evidence of the unique horror of the Holocaust. They were compelled to face up to it by the victorious allies (among them the Soviet Union, busy concealing evidence of its own crimes at home). The tortured conscience of modern German protestantism also played a major part. As a result, post-war West German leaders have repeatedly apologised in public, paid compensation — although not to everyone: some East European "slave labourers" are still waiting — and, at least since the 1960s, made sure their own people knew all about the past horrors. The contrast with Japan is obvious. British tabloids may still revive memories of the war against Hitler for football matches, but no one would think of protesting were the Queen to place the Order of the Garter round the neck — or is it thigh? — of President Herzog of Germany.

Partly, of course, the difference is because British prisoners-of-war and civilian internees did not suffer as badly at the hands of the Germans as they did in Japanese camps. But even the Poles, who suffered terribly under German occupation, would probably not object to a comparable honour being given to the German head of state. Indeed, the classic example of an effective gesture of atonement — and altogether, one of the great symbolic moments of our times — comes from the relationship between Germany and Poland. On a grey December morning in 1970, visiting Warsaw to sign a treaty opening a new chapter in relations between the two countries, Chancellor Willy Brandt fell to his knees before a monument to those who died in the Warsaw ghetto rising. "I simply did," Brandt wrote in his memoirs, "what people do when words fail them."

The gesture was so effective because it plainly came from the heart, but also for two deeper reasons. First, the timing was perfect: it came at a moment when the two countries were clearly starting afresh. The trouble with some of the more recent public apologies — like Tony Blair's apology for Britain's part in the Irish potato famine, or Bill Clinton's apology to Africa for the slave trade — is that they immediately invite the question "why now?". Why not 50 years ago, or 10 years ago, or 10 years hence? That would also be the trouble with any more far-reaching apology by the Emperor of Japan — assuming that he were prepared to risk the fury of the nationalist right, as Brandt did, and as he himself has done in making a partial apology to the Chinese victims of Japanese occupation. Second, Brandt's gesture was perfect because it was silent. The trouble with any verbalised apology is that a complicated history is impossible to summarise in a few words. Like the Japanese prime minister's letter of apology earlier this year, it will go too far for some, and not far enough for others. So the perfect gesture is the silent one. If the public statement is forthcoming, what is the victims' part? Are they not then called upon to offer forgiveness? Forgiveness, leading on to reconciliation. This is, of course, the classic Christian prescription.

In fact, several years before Brandt fell to his knees, the Polish Catholic bishop had written an extraordinary letter to their German counterparts saying "we forgive you, and ask for forgiveness". Last year I spent several weeks in South Africa following the Truth Commission around the country, and watched Archbishop Tutu preach exactly this message of forgiveness and reconciliation. More recently, he very publicly brought the mother of the murdered Stompie to embrace Winnie Mandela, just after compelling evidence had been brought of Winnie's involvement in the murder. But some of the victims and their relatives in the townships said to me: "We don't like this. Only we have the right to forgive, and we're not yet ready to". I felt they must be right. "Do not forgive," writes the great Polish poet Zbigniew Herbert. *Do not forgive, for truly it is not in your power to forgive. In the name of those who were betrayed at dawn.*

There's an important asymmetry here. Political and spiritual leaders can apologise on behalf of their nations for misdeeds in which they themselves had no part. But no one, not an Archbishop, not a prime minister, not even a Queen, has the right to forgive on behalf of those who suffered. Only the victims have the right to forgive. Some, like the old British soldier who died this week having spent his last years living near the bridge on the river Kwai, will find it in their hearts. Others never will. Where does this leave us? No two cases are quite the same. But a few things can be said, with an eye not just to Britain and Japan but also to Northern Ireland. First, we need to know exactly what happened. Truth commissions, good history written from open archives, mean that at least the old guard — whether whites in South Africa, old Nazis in Germany, the military in Argentina or ex-communists in Russia — cannot simply deny these things happened. Getting the historical dirt out now also helps to ensure that a country's politics will not be haunted for decades by unsolved mysteries, conspiracy theories, skeletons in presidential cupboards: everything that in France has been labelled the Vichy Syndrome. Apologies, symbolic gestures of atonement and material compensation to victims or their relatives, are important too, but timing and context are crucial. If they were done, the best would be done quickly. And the process needs to have a finite term. For the object is what in the jargon of comparative post-biting (something of a growth industry) is called "closure". The whole point is that people should then be able to move on, with this chapter behind them. Not that people can, or should, quickly forget. Historical memories are long. The Scottish mother still says to her children "worse things happened on the field of Culloden". Americans and Mexicans still remember the Alamo. Not that victims can, let alone must, necessarily forgive. That is not for us to demand. Now should we expect some consummate "reconciliation" to follow in a few weeks, months, or even years. The timetable of reconciliation is measured in generations. Perhaps one reason Gorbachev was able to accept the unification of Germany was that he was the first post-war Soviet leader not to have direct, adult experience of fighting Germany. What one can hope to achieve in years rather than decades is that the ghosts of the past no longer bedevil the domestic politics and foreign relations of states. As for the peoples of those states, they will go on living, as we all do, in an ever-changing brew of fact and myth, memory and forgetting — but with the forgetting slowly gaining the upper hand. "What is a nation?" asked the great French historian Ernest Renan, and answered that it is a mixture of shared memory and shared forgetting. True of nations, true of the relations between them.

Timothy Garton Ash is the author of *The File: A Personal History*.

The \$20m question

Film stars are overpaid. Who says so? A film star. **Dan Glaister** reports

What's in a number? Quite a lot, according to Winona Ryder. The actress took advantage this week of her status as a Cannes Festival juror to attack pay rates in the film industry. But this was no ordinary plea for more. Ryder took the opposite course, demanding less. The fees paid to the biggest stars, she said, were outrageous. For the price of, say, one John Travolta vehicle, you could make 25 films: "I'd hate to see my picture on the cover of a magazine with the words 'Is she

worth it?' underneath." Brave words, or foolish, some might say. Jury president Martin Scorsese was more guarded, but he did agree that "some people are never satisfied". Films can still combine art and profit, he insisted. "Films are also business but they cannot be business if there is no art." Is he right? Stars' salaries have taken off into another galaxy, dragging film budgets along with them. The highest-paid star of our time? Step forward Leonardo DiCaprio, yours for a mere \$25 million. Bunched behind Leo are the pack

of the A-list: Tom Hanks, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mel Gibson, Sylvester Stallone and Tom Cruise, all command \$20 million merely to step out of the trailer. But before you shed a tear for the poor boys, spare a thought for the girls. With a mere \$12.5 million for *Striptease*, Demi Moore has good reason to feel aggrieved. Moore is out there on top with Julia Roberts, leaving the rest of the pack far behind. Sharon Stone, who appeared in Scorsese's own *Casino*, can muster just \$6-7 million. And Ryder is reported to be a \$5 million girl, although she is prepared to take a cut: her latest project, a film about murdered Irish journalist Veronica Guerin has a budget of just \$9 million. Although Scorsese refused to join Ryder's criticisms of her fellow thespians' pay rate, he did suggest a way out of the morass of telephone-number wages. "If a project is interesting enough, actors are prepared to take a salary cut," he said. Ah yes, the Travolta option. "Doing a Travolta" as the industry dubs it, is either a bid to return to the integrity of your artistic roots, or a ploy to up your pay, depending on your degree of cynicism.



Ryder has her claws out for the likes of Travolta and huge paydays



Travolta, for those who haven't been paying attention to the ups and downs of popular culture, dropped from being a strutting superstar to the dork in *Look Who's Talking* and others as bad and less successful. As the audience stopped going to his films, the bucks started to dry up. This was noticed by the enterprising director Quentin Tarantino. He sensed Travolta's unease and snapped him up for a pittance to appear in his epic, *Pulp Fiction*. The rest is Hollywood folklore: Travolta regained self-respect and public acclaim. Just as

importantly, as a newly hip cult icon, Travolta became bankable again. His earnings, now at an average of around \$20 million, are higher than ever. His scientology e-metre tells him he is very happy, very fulfilled and very rich. Another star to have done a Travolta is Stallone, who lowered his \$20 billion price tag and increased his waistline to do a turn in *Copland*. Stallone worked for the US equity rate of \$1,800 a week; the exercise did not turn him into Travolta. The poor man had to trudge dejectedly back to the misery of his \$20 million day job. Tarantino, however, does not approve. It's disgusting that people like Travolta should get \$20 million a film, he said recently. It was, he suggested, destroying movies, a view echoed by Scorsese, who says: "There's a danger that the industry, but not the artistry, will explode." Which is where, perhaps, someone is at last talking sense. The film industry is, just that, an industry: part of the leisure business, along with music, theme parks, pornography and the rest of the leisure jungle. Like any other modern business it is multi-national, owned by anonymous corporations with little notion of art but a high awareness of profit. The big players today are Sony, Seagram and suchlike, who are happy dealing with any product that is profitable. If at the moment their fascination is with film, it is not because of any enchantment with going to the movies. It is merely that they provide a great platform for selling soft toys, burgers, clothing, CDs and all the other paraphernalia of a co-ordinated leisure strategy. And big stars receiving big payments are just part of that package. So the

industry explodes, who cares? People will still make films. And one lesson the example of the high earners teaches is that of the inverse ratio between price and performance, not to mention quality. It could be dubbed Travolta's law. Ignoring the likes of Mary Reilly, the disastrous Julia Roberts film that earned her, if not the studio, a pretty penny, or *Moore's* \$12 million for the execrable *Striptease*, Travolta is finding he is becoming caught once again. The more he is paid, it seems, the more lukewarm is his public. For although he commands \$20 million a turn, his reputation is becoming slightly tarnished. His last effort, *Primary Colors*, has under-performed at the box office, earning just \$40 million since its release two months ago. The vehicle before that, *Mad City*, also disappointed. For Travolta, a lot is riding on his next film, *A Civil Action*, due to open in the US on Christmas Day. If that too flops, he could find himself having to drop his price and interact with the art set once more. For once, less truly is more.

books

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is the first great modern biography. **Andrew O'Hagan** brings together three of today's best literary biographers to discuss this towering work and the genre it inspired

The Laird of Life

The most important day in the careers of James Boswell and Samuel Johnson happened 235 years ago today. It was the moment they met each other. This difficult encounter in a Covent Garden bookshop was the beginning of a deep and very British union. And like the best unions, it was made of the purest antipathy, transfigured with growing love. Here's how.

Boswell records the meeting in his *Journal*, 16 May 1763: "... I drank tea at Davies's in Russell Street, and about seven came in the great Samuel Johnson, whom I have so long wished to see. Mr Davies introduced me to him. As I knew his mortal antipathy to the Scots, I cried to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from.' However, he said, 'From Scotland.' 'Mr Johnson,' said I, 'indeed I come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' 'Sir,' replied he, 'that, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.'

Boswell had all the hero-worshipping talent described by Thomas Carlyle, that other protean Scot. But he made better use of it than anyone else, subverting the hagiographers, and pushing for realism, emotional depth, in his great book, a superior account of a life well lived. Boswell's *Johnson* is the true beginning of modern biography.

The book's originality is easy to see, yet its power is somehow mysterious. Boswell writes in a tremendous spirit of high reverence, lighting on his hero's brilliance, extolling his virtues, inferring genius, and recording the talk of the man at his best, as well as his worst. He shows us the shape, the expanse, of Johnson's mind, and reveals the lineaments of his subject's moral character. And yet this is only part of what we see. Boswell's book is modern in the way it develops incident and drama —

the way it uses dialogue — to show us more of Johnson, and then more of Boswell too. We get to hear Johnson's pomposity, see him ripping up oranges, gulping wine, the veins on his forehead standing out in attention. We witness small acts of kindness on his part; we are beside him when he's beside himself, gloomy-headed, sinking in the melancholy stew.

Best of all, we get to see Johnson through his times, through his friends. Boswell takes us into dining rooms and coffee-houses. We see the lick of the fire in the eyes of those gathered. We see the shiny buttons on their coats. Johnson's great companions: Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, with their luminous talk, and Boswell himself, scribbling in the corner, often a little the worse for wine.

The 18th century was happy to point up Boswell's many faults — Macaulay called him "one of the smallest men that ever lived" — and yet he wrote himself, and Dr Johnson, his unlikely big friend, into the most unforgettable existence. His *Life* keeps them both at the high-point of British letters. It's a question worth asking: would people still read Johnson if Boswell hadn't realised him, and realised him in colours more various than Johnson ever managed himself?

Boswell's *Life* has never stopped being imitated. It is a chuckling shadow behind Lockhart's *Life of Walter Scott*; it looms large in Mrs Gaskell's *Leon Edel*, and his love of Henry James, and Lytton Strachey, and his eminent Victorians. Boswell's book was an exquisite example, an unreachable peach in the high tree of telling. But does the *Life of Johnson* have anything to say to our time? Do contemporary biographers still care for the candle-light fluttering, the literary methods, of James Boswell, the Laird of Auchinleck?

Andrew O'Hagan



James Boswell ... his *Life of Samuel Johnson* is the beginning of modern biography

'A biographer is a novelist under oath'

Andrew Motion: In some ways Boswell's is an absolutely appalling biography. Before he meets Johnson, Boswell is dead on the bench. They meet in the bookshop and the thing suddenly leaps into life. But he has no organising talent at all. He is an extraordinary observer, and participant, and he brings particular episodes most wonderfully to life, but they are not connected. They are just wonderful observational spectacles — relivings of things, really. And that is what he is: a great Journalist. Victoria Glendinning: He's a popstar. He's a gossip columnist. Michael Holroyd: Boswell was always in search of a strong character — Rousseau, Voltaire, and then Johnson — and he would goad Johnson into saying things, asking him ridiculous questions ("What would you do if you were in a castle with a new-born child?" "Why is an apple a different shape to a pear?"). He provoked Johnson to become almost a caricature of one side of himself. He made him into more of a John Bull figure, an oracle.

AM: The *Life of Johnson* is a very odd mixture of being an insider's thing, and an outsider's. The way you say Boswell "goes" Johnson to perform — that's outsider work for me, but it seems to elicit a sort of insiderish complicity, an intimacy. Biographers are invariably writing about people they never knew, or people who are dead, and trying to combine a proper sense of immediacy with an equally proper sense of objectivity. This "goading" of Boswell's might be understood as a form of interference with the sub-

ject, but at the same time, of course, it releases the subject. It's a complicated business — sometimes it's perfectly OK, sometimes dodgy. **VG:** Yes. The task is to create something that's not there. You can't bring the voice back. Someone like Jonathan Swift, my new subject, you can't offer his voice. I think Boswell must have had a kind of photographic memory, a mind like an actor. Boswell interposes his own body a lot. And I think biography has become more and more like that.

AM: Yes. I think we should be careful about that. Well, just to speak for myself: I feel when I'm writing an orthodox kind of biography that I want to give an account of another life, without filtering it through my own in any very obvious or disruptive way. I mean, I know I can never be — I don't want to be — completely objective. But at the same time I don't want to jam the readers' radars with stuff about myself. And I most certainly don't want to come to the front of the page and wag my finger about moral questions. I want to give the facts, all the facts, and let readers make their own decisions. It's a high ideal, but there we are.

VG: But that's the trouble. I think it's more honest to come clean. I used to think, keep the "I" out of it. Give yourself up to this person. But that's what you're doing, giving yourself, and it would be slightly dishonest to pretend you weren't there. Trollope was simpler because whatever was in his mind went straight into his novels. He was worrying about his will, and worry-

ing about what he should leave his niece, you'd get a whole novel about what a man will leave his niece. You get close to him biographically through the work. Swift is more difficult, a paradox. All you can say is "It seems to me that..." And although it might seem egotistical to do what Boswell did — putting yourself right in the middle of the picture — in fact I think it is the thing of humility. It's saying "It seems to me..."

AM: But some modern writers do spend an awful lot of time drawing attention to themselves. Ackroyd in his Dickens book, for instance. I don't want to be simplistic about this, but I did finish the Dickens book thinking: I didn't buy this book to read about Peter Ackroyd. I wanted to find out about Dickens. I just thought the balance was wrong in it — the balance between admitted subjectivity, and an objectivity we all know can never be absolute.

MM: But even if you are not working in an intensely personal way, you are writing from a different time. If you're writing about Keats, he comes out differently now. Perhaps a little more political. **AM:** But that doesn't mean telling the reader you're a member of the Labour Party. My real motive in writing about Keats was to ask myself why those bad reviews that Keats got were critical in the way that they were. And I found they were reviews that had to do with the reviewers being antagonistic towards his politics. I don't think I was imposing an idea of my modern self so much as excavating what was there all the time. Things that had been suppressed.

MM: I never investigate what the subject has to do with me. What is unconscious should not become self-conscious in that way. If it does, the whole thing curdles. It doesn't come out right. I work by

instinct. And I think in a way that Boswell did this with Johnson — what he does by duty is dull on the page; what he does by instinct comes alive.

VG: Boswell could have written a completely different book with all the things Johnson said that he didn't put in. And what I really think is interesting about biography — especially if you're writing about someone who's been written about before — is that you're looking at the same letters, the same manuscripts, but suddenly your eye sort of yellow-highlights on a letter or something which, for another biographer, could just be passed over. You vary. And sometimes I have written a paragraph about Swift or about Vita Sackville-West and I would think — this is insight, this is the mid-night knowledge. And in the morning when I read it I think I wasn't writing about them at all. I

was writing about me. And you put a line through it.

MM: As biographers, the three of us have been reaching across time to try to touch, and form intimacy with, people we have never known. It's like science fiction. And the why of it? The why is a can of worms.

AM: I don't know. There are certain poets, certain writers that I like, especially poets, to whom I want to send a long love-letter. **VG:** Carlyle said that history is the story of great men. And I think something that we've actually rather lost in the late 20th century is the concept of great men. It might be a very good thing.

MM: Men? **VG:** Indeed — great men. To be a Boswell you've got to believe in the great man-ness of the man you are writing about. So much biography now is written against the desire of the biographer. You know the number of people who say they don't want a biography to be written, who block, the number of people who behave like J.D. Salinger. It is quite unusual to have the complete symbiosis that existed between Boswell and Johnson.

AM: But Ian Hamilton wanted to write about Salinger while he was still alive. Johnson was dead by the time the biography came out. He would have found it difficult if some of that stuff came out during his lifetime. Can I say something about Larkin? I never had an unwritten contract with him along the lines of Boswell's with Johnson. It was never like that. But I wasn't hiding behind the sofa with

my notepad. There was never any conversation he and I had about it, but I think there was something unsaid. He would tell me things as though he were speaking to the afterlife.

VG: I do think that people want to tell somebody things. There was the last lover of Vita Sackville-West, who is now dead. I went to see her one day. She was a very nice lady in a Kent village with labradors and glasses of sherry and Madeira cake. I thought there was no way I could ask her, you know, "what was it like with Vita?" So we talked about the garden and we talked about their foreign trips. I just couldn't ask her. And as I was leaving she said "Vita loved me physically, you know. And it was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me." She had wanted to say it. There is often a sort of mutuality between biographer and subject, as Andrew found with Larkin.

AM: But we have to respect the feelings of the living. The feelings of the dead don't matter.

MM: I think the dead have different priorities.

AM: They're dead.

MM: Yes. I can spot the difference, almost at once. No, seriously. With Lytton Strachey I think I sought a degree of departure from hagiography. The point about Boswell is that he is so various. He is so all over the place. He wants at one stage to be a lawyer. He wants at another stage to be in commerce. He wants to be a great biographer. He wants everything that everybody wants and therefore there is some of us in him — all of us.

VG: I think you Michael must take a lot of the credit, and the blame, for the modern biography. The sort of biography that took us back to Boswell. Before the Lytton Strachey biography you had all manner of extended tombstone inscriptions. We respond to Boswell because he is much more like we would like to be. He gets the grain and the actuality. He doesn't make distinctions between what is significant and what is not. I think we can read Boswell with more empathy now than we have for perhaps a couple of hundred years. Biography should be like a good novel, and, as Desmond McCarthy once put it, "a biographer is a novelist under oath".

AM: But there is something missing in Boswell's *Johnson*. The childhood, the psychological imperatives, where it all comes from.

VG: That's a very post-Freudian view.

AM: Yes. But here we are wanting to say that Boswell is modern and actually I think the central ingredient of modern biography is missing from it.

VG: But I think that is very modern. Not to explain. Just to put it down. Explanation can sometimes be reductionism, you know.

AM: It won't do.

VG: It's more like a Tarantino movie. You don't have a hinterland. You don't need a hinterland. You can deduce it.

AM: There are all sorts of neuroses that aren't gone into in the book.

MM: The taste for wholeness may have gone. It may be that in the future biographers will take a year of someone's life. As I get older, the idea of a 500-page book rather appeals to me.

VG: Yes. The chronicle biography has had its day.

MM: Is it in Hamlet where it is said "it had been so with us, had we been there"? Boswell's *Johnson* is like that. It enables you to get back and come alive in another time and this is the magic of literature. Boswell brings Johnson alive. One has an extra bit of life that releases one from oneself.

Boswell's Boswell, written and presented by Andrew O'Hagan, will be shown tonight on BBC2's Bookmark at 8.10 pm.



Andrew Motion's biography of Philip Larkin was published in 1983. Keats, his life of the poet, was out last year. It will arrive in paperback this autumn, published by Faber.



Victoria Glendinning has written lives of Vita Sackville-West and Trollope, among others. Her new book is about Jonathan Swift. It will be published in September.



Michael Holroyd wrote, in several parts, the life of George Bernard Shaw. He also wrote a biography of Lytton Strachey. His autobiography will be published next year.

'This man's going to be a major writer'

Iain M. Banks

صحنه من الامم

Bitch pride

Prozac grrrl wants more love, more sex, more life. Elaine Showalter just can't get enough of her

Bitch: In Praise of Difficult Women
by Elizabeth Wurtzel
382pp, Quartet, £12.50

The unofficial feminist uniform of the nineties is the severe black suit, but *Bitch* comes in a bright red jacket, with a cover photograph of the author, naked and gorgeous, middle finger of her perfectly toned left arm gracefully raised in a salute. Attention-getting, to be sure, although I had to wrap it in the Guardian to read it on the train to Sheffield packed with football supporters. Oh well, I suppose *Bitch* would have been even worse.

But ignore the bimbo packaging. *Bitch* is a brilliant feminist manifesto in the great tradition that stretches from Mary Wollstonecraft to Germaine Greer. Elizabeth Wurtzel aligns herself with this tradition when she demands why, after all these years of feminism, women are still counselled to accept, adjust, and fit in. "What if you want to be large in a world that wants you to be small,

diminished?" Wurtzel asks.

Like other feminists who have deliberately chosen to redefine words used against women (Virago comes to mind), she is out to reclaim the honour of the "bitch". Instead of pretending you've had enough "when always, always, you want more" — more love, more adventure, more ambition, more experience — she offers the "bitch philosophy": "To do what I want to do and be who I want to be and answer only to myself." Like Courtney Love, she wants to be "the girl with the most cake".

Yes, yes, I know you're already shaking your head and thinking that this is a self-centred, infantile, arrogant and very American attitude. Indeed, Wurtzel's frame of reference is wide but mainly American: British readers will know Sylvia Plath and Hillary Clinton, but may not recognise Amy Fisher, Joy Silverman, Caroline Wasmus, or Edie Sedgwick. And Wurtzel, the author of the best-seller *Prozac Nation*, is certainly no poster child for tradition, reticence, and restraint. She's readily admitted that she wrote this



Elizabeth Wurtzel... wrote her book 'on a ton of drugs' and then went straight into rehab

book "on a ton of drugs", and had to go into rehab afterwards. *Bitch* is as manic and chaotic as it is intellectually dazzling and daring. So is Wurtzel a spoiled Manhattan It Girl with a Harvard education? No way. She's a passionate critic, whose take on the bad-girl heroines of modern culture — groupies, trophy wives, Lolitas, suicides — transcends their American genesis. Wurtzel believes in the old-fashioned virtues of

responsibility and commitment. She dislikes whiners, thinks Paula Jones should "just shut up", and says bluntly that "if you live by the sword, you must die by the sword, which is to say you cannot expect anything from sex but sex". She is no fan of the Clintons, but respects their marriage: "These are people who have made peace with their own turbulence". Moreover, she respects education and the discipline of learning,

and argues in a fascinating chapter that Nicole Simpson was a Nora betrayed by her parents as well as by O.J., a doll in a doll's house who was never encouraged to go to college, as most California high school graduates do: "How much better off Nicole would have been as a curvy co-ed with classes to attend... Learning is emboldening. Not every educated woman is going to translate her degrees into a life in which she behaves as if she

feels the principles of self-sufficiency and self-respect rule, but at least it's possible."

Women need glamorous heroic figures just as men do, although we are often told we should admire only saints like Mother Teresa and Madame Curie. In the absence of epic heroines in life, feminists have long turned to literature, religion and myth for inspiration, identifying with the tragic Cassandra, the martyred feminist messiah, or the token Dark Lady, Wurtzel, who was raised as an Orthodox Jew, chooses Delilah, one of the "bad girls" of the Bible. Delilah, she writes, "was grand and untidy and disturbing and disorderly, and she denied her life the minor-character status it was assigned to." Delilah enjoys her sexuality and relishes her power, and would rather tangle with Samson than make him feel better about himself.

Wurtzel's sympathy is not exclusively with women, but with all of those people consigned to minor-character status, life's extras, who defy their minor or insipidising roles to claim centrality if not stardom. In art and in life, she suggests, "the freedom to be oneself and the fight for it is a universally loved story." She applauds and admires women who break out of their stifled lives, who throw away the scripts; but she admires them more if they also try to live ethically and decently. It's on these terms that Wurtzel celebrates Diana: "When she finally got rid of Charles and got on with her life, particularly in the last couple of months, she seemed to be saying, I was wood and now I am alive."

Wurtzel shares the streetwise persona and love of pop culture made familiar by other nineties feminist supernovas. But unlike Camille Paglia, she is compassionate; unlike Katie Roiphe, she is a grown-up; and unlike Julie Burchill, she is sane. She defends the suicidal dark ladies, who "died because they were complicated, because they were large, because they contained multitudes that Walt Whitman could not have begun to imagine". But even if Wurtzel's persona is explicitly romantic and Whitmanesque — I was the girl, I suffered, I was there — *Bitch* is an optimistic, exciting call to life rather than death. The right book at the right time.

If you would like to order *Bitch* (free p&g), call the Guardian Culture Shop on 0500 600102.

The Loafer

The Loafer took a wrong turning on route to the party for Josephine Hart's new book *The Stillst Day* and ended up in the Natural History Museum. Not to worry — there were plenty of dinosaurs in the Wellington Club, as the Tory Party squariously came out to play with Mrs Saatchi. Intellectual heavyweights Kenneth Baker, William Waldegrave and John Patten joined the epicene Nicholas Soames, ex-whips Alistair Goodlad and Richard Ryder, and PR guru Tim Bell over the Veuve Clicquot. Raine Spencer added the requisite glamour, while the few writers in evidence hovered nervously around the edges, being directed to the bordello-style downstairs bar by publicists. So by the end of the evening it really was a case of *Upstairs, Downstairs*.

The 1998 Geoffrey Faber Memorial Prize, awarded every other year to the best new collection by a poet under the age of 40, has been won by Don Paterson's *God's Gift To Women*. Unlike some literary prizes, however, the award was marked by a total lack of rancour between the judges — so much so that they declined even to publish a shortlist. "We tried to disagree," said one judge, "but our hearts just weren't in it."

Only after Pimlico had sent Jeremy Lewis a copy of the paperback of his biography of Cyril Connolly did anyone notice that his name had been misspelled on the spine: "Connolly". Lewis was sanguine and wondered whether anyone would notice, but Pimlico's poor Will Sulkin had to order the entire print run to be stripped of the flawed cover and rebound with a new one. One hopes the error will not have had the author of *The Unquiet Grave* spinning in his. More likely it would have brought a smile to the face of the old rascal.



How odd that Ed Victor's session on the ins and outs of agenting at the upcoming Hay festival should be called "10 per cent for what, exactly?" After all, Victor famously refuses to hide his light under a bushel, distinguishing himself from British agents by a 15 per cent commission rate. Let's hope that not too many innocent first-time novelists will find themselves unexpectedly out of pocket.

You're just in time to get your Orange Prize bet on. The odds (William Hill) are: Pauline Melville 9-4 favourite; Deirdre Foxwell 11-4; Carol Shields 7-4; Anita Shreve 4-1; Kirsten Bakis 5-1; Ann Patchett 5-1. The Loafer's value tip is Kirsten Bakis. All will be revealed on Tuesday night.

Darian Leader considers our debt to deception Lying on the couch

Truth Games: Lies, Money, and Psychoanalysis
by John Forrester
210pp, Harvard, £15.50

Some people feel uneasy telling the truth, as if their own engagement in the act of truth-telling were enough to make them feel guilty. Other people tell lies and may genuinely believe that they are telling the truth. A truth may be the very form of a lie, just as a lie may be a form of the truth. When an analytic patient constructs an artful lie, we can be sure that the form of this lie reveals a truth banished from consciousness. As Freud showed, we never invent by accident.

If our culture gives such a central place to truth-telling — identifying its oracle with the institutions of science — psychoanalysis has a peculiar position, with its fundamental rule that we say everything, that truth and lies have, in a sense, an equal status. The suspension of judgment that this supposedly involves can illuminate how "truth games" function — how, as John Forrester argues, "we are governed by the various regimes of truth under which we now live".

The first section of this elegant book examines the relation of truth-telling to lying, moving from Augustine to Froust, from Nietzsche to Ibsen, from the placebo effect in medicine to theories of truth in formal logic. Rather than seeing the use of placebos as a breach of the trust that constitutes the medical relationship, Forrester shows how their use may be seen as the guar-

antee of that relationship, so that the formal deceptions that make up the framework of cure are what allow medicine to function.

When he then turns to consider what place psychoanalytic practice gives to deception, his discussion of the celebrated yet under-researched question "Can a liar be psychoanalysed?" may be read to practitioners: that it is less a question of "can a liar be psychoanalysed?" than that the framework of an analysis makes of each patient a liar. Anyone who is in analysis lies, to the extent that transference always moves in the direction of a deception, the effort to make the analyst believe that we are someone or something that we are not.

Forrester argues that lying is a more propitious concept for psychoanalysis than the more traditional one of phantasy, as it links the register of deception with the transference itself. When we lie, we lie to someone. If phantasy is conceived simply as a "reporting of mental contents", lying "implicates the other in the scene". But, as Forrester shows, things are not so neat, as phantasy is certainly involved in transference, and there is a particularly fascinating discussion here of the relation of lies to phantasy to transference.

The second part of the book contains a detailed study of Freud's case history of the Ratman, and Lacan's commentary on that case, focusing on the theme of debt. The Ratman's father left the legacy of an unpaid gambling debt and a debt to his wife, whom he had married for her money in place of another woman whom he perhaps loved. When the Rat-

man finds himself in the place of the one who has to pay back a debt and to consider marrying one woman rather than another, the paternal legacy returns to shatter his life.

Forrester comments carefully on this case and Lacan's reading of it, to open up a more general discussion of symbolic debt, exchange, reciprocity and what it means to pay someone back. To speak of debt, we must be able to ask "How much is owed?" And hence he brings the discussion of debt back to its privileged symbol: money.

Reading these last sections of *Truth Games*, one might wonder whether all debts are quantifiable. Social relations put us in debt, just as does the fact of being the sons and daughters of our parents. We owe them something for our existence, and this sensation of debt makes many people feel guilty: they are not doing enough to repay it. But there is perhaps another debt, one which puts into question the old saying that we can be sent to prison for the debts of our parents but we cannot inherit their sins. The shadowy and unspeakable sins of our parents cannot be counted, and yet they weigh on us as a terrible inheritance. Psychoanalysis deals with both, and aims perhaps less at abolishing the sense of debt than allowing the patient to accept that *living means owing something*. John Forrester's subtle and thought-provoking book opens up the space for thinking about these questions.

Darian Leader is a psychoanalyst and author of *Promises Lovers Make When It Gets Late* (Faber, £9.99).

Michael Billington on the shaman in a showman Stages of discovery

Threads of Time: A Memoir
by Peter Brook
241pp, Methuen, £17.99

Conventional wisdom has it that Peter Brook's career falls into two easily defined stages. First there was the exotic showman and magical director of Shakespeare, musicals, opera and boulevard plays who, in Tynan's words, cooked "with cream, blood and spices". Then there was the experimental shaman who, based in Paris from 1971, seemed to be searching for the hidden essence of theatre. But if this fascinating memoir reveals anything new, it is that the whole of Brook's adult life has taken the form of a spiritual quest.

Curiosity has always been the key to Brook. Growing up in Chiswick, the son of a Russian-Jewish father who was a manufacturing chemist and a mother from the German-Baltic region, he was avid to know how things worked. Visiting the theatre, he yearned to know what lay behind the scenery. Scrapping a crystal with a thin springy wire called a cat's whisker, he discovered the joys of radio Shakespeare. Passing a shop on his way back from school, he coveted a cheap toy film projector: the source of a lifelong passion for movies. Even today I've seen him sitting in a humdrum BBC radio studio watching the operation of lights and switches with a rapt inquisitiveness.

What the book reveals, however, is that Brook's curiosity extends to matters of the spirit. As a young director, his rise to fame was extraordinarily swift. Launch-

ing his first production, *Dr Faustus*, when he was 18, he moved from Birmingham Rep to Stratford to Covent Garden and the cultivated chic of the 1950s West End, silkily dominated by the impresario Eynke Beaumont, with the speed of a meteor. His evocation of this period is exact and often hilarious: I particularly cherish his story of directing *La Bohème* at Covent Garden and finally getting the four male principals together for a rehearsal half an hour before the curtain rose. Shortly after, directing another opera, he overheard two famous German sopranos whispering behind the scenery, "It's our first London season so let's do what he asks. Later we can dictate."

The surprise lies in the discovery that, even at the height of his early fame, Brook was in search of what he calls "something else". In Paris, he chanced upon a book by the Russian philosopher Ouspensky, *In Search of the Miraculous*. Indirectly this led him to a house in St John's Wood and to an American disciple of the occult teacher, Gurdjieff, who told Brook "We have a world outside us, a universe within". So began a long period in which acclaim in London, New York and Paris was accompanied by inner exploration and a quest for self-understanding.

It would be easy to mock this search for meaning; and there are times, as when Brook grasps the door-handle of the first car he ever owned and decides "This moment contains the whole of everything", when it is hard to follow him in his search for enlightenment. But Brook's decision in 1971 to set up an International Centre of Theatre Research in Paris seems less, as it

did to some at the time, like an arbitrary rejection of institutional theatre than a natural extension of his spiritual journey and physical travels.

Brook says he winces every time someone labels him a guru and that his Paris actors are not part of some esoteric group. But the appeal of this immensely readable, eye-opening memoir is that it reveals the unity of Brook's life and career and the constancy of his search for that elusive "something else". He also tells a first-rate story about an international group of directors sitting in the canteen of an Italian liqueur factory and expressing dissatisfaction with the words used in various languages to describe their job. Ermanno Olmi came up with the solution: "I propose we call ourselves distillatori." It suits Brook perfectly: he is still the best distiller of practical wisdom in the business and this book shows that for him craft and metaphysics are all of a theatrical piece.

Current CultureShop Bestsellers

	RRP	Our Price
1 <i>Intimacy</i> , Hanif Kureishi	£9.99	£9.99
2 <i>Stalingrad</i> , Antony Beevor	£25.00	£21.00
3 <i>On Television and Journalism</i> , Pierre Bourdieu	£9.99	£9.99
4 <i>Secret</i> , Jonathan Rosen	£9.99	£9.99
5 <i>Hidden Agendas</i> , John Pilger	£9.99	£9.99

To order any book featured in the Guardian Freephone 0500 600 102 or post your order with a UK cheque to The Guardian CultureShop, 250 Western Avenue, London W3 6EE. Fax: 0181 324 5678.

RRP: UK prices shown. Over £25, free order CTD add 10p; between £10-25, add £1.50. Abroad: Europe. Please add 20% of order value. Rest of World Please add 30% of order value.

The Guardian

THE CASSINI DIVISION
Walter M. Miller, Jr.

SAINT LEIBOWITZ AND THE WILD HORSE WOMAN
Walter M. Miller, Jr.

EARTHQUAKE WEATHER
Tim Powers

THE PRINCELY FLOWER
Garry Kilworth

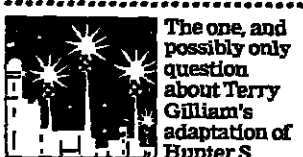
ORBIT
Garry Kilworth

http://www.orbitbooks.co.uk

Bomb-making with the stars ● Cool welcome awaits Culture Secretary ● Terry Gilliam's bad trip

Depp: I made an 80ft fireball

Festival diary Dan Glaister



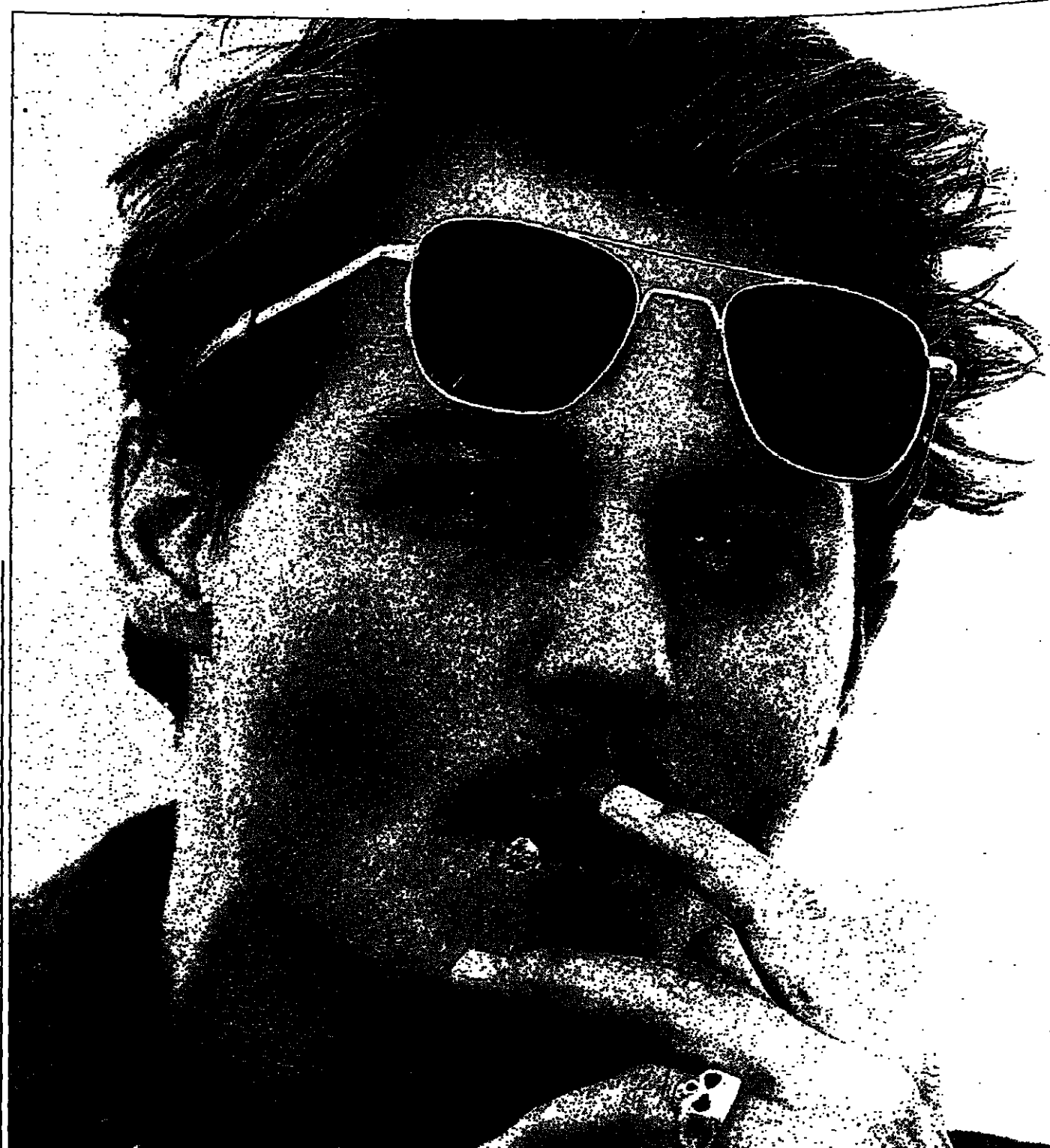
The one, and possibly only, question about Terry Gilliam's adaptation of Hunter S. Thompson's *Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas* (see review page 18) is just how many drugs did these boys do during filming? Gilliam, who professed himself an old hippie—he was never a young one—claimed not to have done many. And you, Mr Depp? "We're respectable people... well, being an altar boy, er, having dabbled in my youth, experimenting with various things, I know of what these drugs can do, but a lot of the drugs in the book are invented." I see. Take ether, for example. Or rather, don't. Johnny Depp's research told him that taking ether was equivalent of drinking 20 bottles of wine in one-and-a-half minutes.

Puffing away on his cheeks and smoothing his cute little moustache, Depp seemed to have kept something of Thompson inside him. "The sick thing was that I felt like him," he said. "Clearly, I had spent too much time with Hunter. It had gone too deep." Indeed, it had gone so deep that the day Thompson turned up on set for his cameo in the film, some thought he was doing an imitation of Depp. The young star felt slightly uneasy about portraying the chief gonzo in front of the real one. "He's an excellent marksman," said Depp, "and he has access to a lot of weapons." Depp, who admits that Thompson is one of his heroes, spent almost a week living in the writer's base-

ment in preparation for the part, sleeping next to a barrel of gunpowder. Their first meeting, in Aspen in 1986, has the air of an apocryphal Thompson story. "We were at the Woolly Creek tavern and someone made a call and said, 'OK, Hunter's on his way.' I thought, great. About 10 minutes later, the door burst open and there was this huge hulking figure. He had a stun gun in one hand and a live cattle prod, with blue electric charges running down it, in the other. He was swinging them around wildly and people were running. He came over and hit me on the head with the cattle prod."

"After I'd recovered, we sat down and had a couple of drinks before going to his house and making a bomb in his kitchen. We took it outside and shot it up with a shotgun. It made an 80ft fireball."

The first major scandal, and the festival is only three days old. Pekka Lehto, a Finnish producer-director, wants the only Russian film, Alexei Gherman's *Khrustaliov, My Car!* withdrawn. Lehto alleges he wrote a treatment for the film based on a Joseph Brodsky essay after obtaining the writer's permission. He then approached Gherman. "Gherman did not know the story, but he was very interested in collaborating." So they sat down together and wrote the script. And that was the last Lehto heard until it popped up in competition at the festival. Lehto and the Finnish Film Foundation called in the lawyers. Gherman is remaining tight-lipped, but given the history of confrontation between the Russians and Finns, this could be a long and bloody battle.



Depp, who said of his meeting with the chief gonzo: 'Hunter had a stun-gun in one hand and a live cattle prod in the other'

PATRICK HERTZOG

More rivalries emerged courtesy of mild-mannered Ken Loach and his team, here with *My Name Is Joe*. The film includes a scene in which Joe's boys don a Brazil strip. The shirts are those of the 1970 team, featuring the likes of Pele and Rivellino. This did not please the Brazilian journalists in Cannes. "Why did you not pay homage to the stars of today such as Ronaldo?" demanded one Brazilian scribe. "The 1970 team lives in people's memories," explained Loach. "For people who follow foot-

ball, their names are legend. The most dramatic things are often associated with football, and we shouldn't underestimate that." Such Hornby-esque musings from Citizen Ken left some of the foreign journalists bemused. "Can things change with Tony Blair?" asked a reporter from Belgium. "At last, a humorous question," replied Loach. "Would Loach be making small-talk over the canapés with Culture Secretary Chris Smith when visits Cannes tomorrow? 'He is part of the Blair government. I would find

it very difficult to have a conversation with him.' Ouch." The Loach team were then asked for their opinion of the film's chances. "There's a bigger chance of winning the Palme d'Or than of getting tickets for the World Cup," said scriptwriter Paul Laverty. The film's star, Peter Mullan, admitted that he wasn't in town for the film. "I'm here to get tickets for the Scotland-Brazil match," he said. Meanwhile, the rest of the British contingent is scouring the town for a big screen to watch this afternoon's FA Cup final.

On those plucky low-budget film-makers! This year's tale of derring-do comes courtesy of Head-flicks, here to sell their £1.2 million epic, *Amsterdam*. The producers had the bright idea of painting a big marijuana leaf on the side of a yellow van and driving it to Cannes. Oh dear. "We had so much hassle on the way down," says Gordon Mason, "sniffer dogs waking us up in the night, you wouldn't believe it." But things started to get even nastier once they arrived in

Cannes yesterday. "We were forced into a side street, surrounded by four police cars, dragged out and flung against the side of the van. They told us to leave town immediately." But Mason stood his ground, taking the argument to the chief of police. A compromise was reached. They now must put a red circle around the leaf with a cross through it and the word "interdit" underneath. Enough, you'll agree, to make Hunter S. Thompson reach for his cattle prod.

Richard Williams

The Full Monty meets Nil By Mouth — in Glasgow

Richard Williams sees *My Name Is Joe*, the film tipped to bring Ken Loach the festival's top prize at last



"No, I said Parisian Moonlight white..." Joe (Peter Mullan) does a bit of decorating PHOTOGRAPH: JOSS BARRATT

That's a good trick, because we want it to last while knowing that it can't. No one comes by happiness as simply and easily as this. Liam's failure to pay off his girlfriend's debts to the local crime boss presents Joe with a dilemma that imperils every aspect of his new contentment. By helping out, he would be stepping back into the darkness. But by leaving Liam to solve his own problems, Joe would be rejecting the only expression of community available to him.

It isn't giving the game away to say that his instinctive action makes the worst of both possibilities. Here Laverty's script opens out beyond the confines of a intimate narrative to involve the audience in its concerns. When Joe joined AA, he was recognising that no one but himself could take control of his life. Now he has to face the wider implications of individual responsibility. Mullan, whose open face and stocky build were seen in *Shallow Grave*, *Trainspotting* and Loach's *Rid-Rat*, gets most of the screen time, and develops a powerful presence, but the performance of Goodall is every bit as exceptional, built on subtle and sometimes unpredictable responses. The two of them get the audience on their side in a way that Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan might envy — although it's hard to imagine a bankable Hollywood couple agreeing to such limited wardrobes and unimpressive locations.

Cannes has been a happy hunting ground for Loach, who is revered more by audiences and critics in Europe than at home. *Black Jack* (1973), *Looked Upon* (1981), *Hidden Agenda* (1990) and *Raining Stones* (1993) all received prizes here, although the Palme d'Or has eluded him. Even in a year that is shaping up to be highly competitive, *My Name Is Joe* appears to put him with a strong chance of landing the big one.

Review

DESPITE the best efforts of those who would consign his brand of social realism to the dustbin of British cineaste history, Ken Loach established himself as the early favourite for the Palme d'Or at the Cannes Film Festival yesterday with *My Name Is Joe*, a story of addiction, romance and responsibility set in the backstreets of Glasgow. Featuring a largely unfamiliar cast, it explores comedy and tragedy on its way to an uneasy resolution, and received generous applause at yesterday's press screening.

Loach conceived the idea of *My Name Is Joe* while making part of his last film, *Carla's Song*, in Glasgow. Both screenplays were written by Paul Laverty, a former human rights lawyer. No doubt Loach and Laverty will receive some criticism for maintaining an interest in the margins of society, but *My Name Is Joe* sustains its dramatic value alongside its political dimension, which in this case (by contrast with Loach's recent work) is tightly focused on individuals and domestic situations. Comic invention alternates with the tension of a thriller, tempting the suggestion that the director has managed to reconcile the salient characteristics of the Full

Monty with those of *Nil By Mouth*, steering a shrewd course between the feelgood and miserabilist tendencies. In attempting to contain these contrasting emotions within a story lasting less than two hours, such a film runs the risk of seeming schematic and manipulative. But the warmth of Loach's actors and the unflashy integrity of the film's visual dimension give credibility to the convolutions and tensions of its compressed plot.

Joe is a recovering alcoholic who does a bit of decorating to supplement his dole money while sticking devoutly to his 12-step programme. His soul, however, is in his football team, a colourfully nicknamed bunch of enthusiastic incompetents who turn out in the strip of the great West German team of the early 1970s. Joe, who is in his middle thirties, is too old to play but coaches the team and ferries them to matches in an old van.

Someone involved in the film clearly understands football, for the matches capture the spirit of *Fever Pitch* far more effectively than the film of Nick Hornby's book. One of his players, Liam, is a young ex-junkie with a girlfriend and a small son. The girl has an active habit, and goes on the game to pay for it. When Joe meets the family's health visitor, Sarah (Louise Goodall), a relationship devel-

The leads get the audience on their side in a way Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan might envy

silhouetted in a doorway, down on her haunches, talking on the phone. It lasts a couple of seconds. Nothing else happens. But Loach has found a way of showing you the moment when Joe falls in love. And being ordinary suddenly seems like the most desirable state in the world.



You can. We promise.

We promise. You'll save money on your phone bill. Or we'll give you back double the difference. If you don't believe in paying more than you need to here's a simple pledge. We promise we'll save you money compared to BT (even if you've got Friends & Family and PremierLine). Or we'll give you back double the difference.

We promise. You can chat as long as you like for just 50p. Every Saturday until the end of September 1998 all national calls cost no more than 50p, however long you talk. And you also get 100 minutes of local evening calls free, every single month. Cable & Wireless customers save money in all sorts of ways. You've only to call us now to find out more.

We promise. It's easy to start saving. Switching your telephone service to Cable & Wireless is simple. All you have to do is call us — so the sooner you call the sooner you can start saving.

FreeCall 0800 056 8778
What can we do for you?

CABLE & WIRELESS

Evening 11p-Mon-Fri 10.00-08.00. *Price Pledge terms and conditions apply. Please see our price list for full details. **Local calls, international calls, calls to non-geographic numbers and calls made using the Cable & Wireless Calling Card are not quality for this promotion. Offer ends 24th September 1998. 50p and offer Price Pledge and local evening calls are available to residential customers subscribing to Landline. Day-Call UK Call, SmartCall and SmartCall Plus. All information correct as at 1st May 1998 and applicable to residential customers only. Services, prices and savings subject to change. Services available only at participating locations. Applications subject to credit. For quality of service purposes we may occasionally monitor or record your telephone calls to Cable & Wireless Call Centres.

سكرا من الامل

Six-page section

The Guardian Weekendsport

Saturday May 16 1998 www.football.guardian.co.uk

FA Cup Final:

Man-for-man sees Gunners emerge as clear winners

David Lacey runs the rule over both teams

Arsenal

David Seaman
Not invulnerable, as Paul Gascoigne's free-kick demonstrated at Wembley in the 1991 semi-final, but still as safe a goalkeeper as any team could wish to possess for a big occasion.
Marks (out of 10): 8

Lee Dixon
His initial task will be to curb the runs of Gary Speed but once the final game settles down Dixon will be combining with Ray Parlour to outflank Newcastle on the right and get in crosses.
Marks: 7

Martin Keown
He will be trying to stop Alan Shearer finding space near goal. Close-marking is Keown's prime strength and the tussle between the two should be a compelling subplot.
Marks: 8

Tony Adams
Still one of the English game's most natural leaders, Adams will organise Arsenal at the back and look for opportunities to get forward, especially at set pieces.
Marks: 8

Nigel Winterburn
Again the quiet, consistent hero of a successful Arsenal season, Winterburn should have more opportunities to link with Marc Overmars on the left if Keith Gillespie is out.
Marks: 8

Ray Parlour
As Arsenal's most improved footballer Parlour should be a big influence today and his presence on the right ought to restrict the attacking ambitions of Alessandro Pistone.
Marks: 7

Patrick Vieira
The man Newcastle must prevent from dominating the midfield if they are to have any hope this afternoon, Vieira combines solid tackling with pace, vision and passing accuracy.
Marks: 9

Emmanuel Petit
After an indifferent start he has steadily become as important to Arsenal as Vieira. Petit will try to restrict the forward runs of Robert Lee as well as servicing the front-runners.
Marks: 8

Marc Overmars
The Dutchman's burst of form around Christmas and the new year was crucial to Arsenal's revival and he could be the match-winner now, although Newcastle will form a queue to stop him.
Marks: 8

Nicolas Anelka
After showing a new maturity during the run-in to the championship Anelka can round off the season with a goal or two at Wembley, provided he breaks his habit of straying offside.
Marks: 8

Christopher Wreh
Having already played such a crucial role during Dennis Bergkamp's absence, the Liberian will surely play now. His strength in possession complements a sharp sense of opportunism.
Marks: 7

TOTAL: 86

Newcastle

Shay Given
An agile, alert goalkeeper, Given is sometimes handicapped by a lack of inches, standing 6ft 4in compared to David Seaman's 6ft 4in. But he makes few errors.
Marks (out of 10): 7

Warren Barton
Barton's versatility has blossomed under Kenny Dalglish, who has also used him as an attacking midfielder, but today his prime role will be to restrict the movements of Marc Overmars.
Marks: 7

Nicos Dabizas
The Greek defender already looks like Dalglish's most successful foreign signing at the club. Calm under pressure, he can also bring the ball out and use it intelligently.
Marks: 8

Steve Howey
Plagued by injuries Howey has struggled to fulfil his earlier promise, but he remains a solid centre-back in the traditional English mould and can reaffirm his qualities today.
Marks: 7

Stuart Pearce
No stranger to Wembley or big games, Pearce has lost some of his pace but his experience will be invaluable to Newcastle as they try to stem the Arsenal tide.
Marks: 7

Alessandro Pistone
Defending apart, the Italian will be important for Newcastle in giving their attack width and pace on the left. Pistone is as likely as anyone to upset Arsenal's mood and flow.
Marks: 7

Robert Lee
A possible match-winner, Lee more than anybody will be crucial in taking the play to Arsenal. Apart from anything else this would restrict Emmanuel Petit's attacking opportunities.
Marks: 7

David Batty
To Newcastle's most consistent, and most-dismissed, player this season falls the main responsibility of denying Patrick Vieira and Emmanuel Petit the run of the midfield.
Marks: 8

Gary Speed
Hardly a snip at £2.5 million, Speed has yet to justify his fee but he remains a player with a natural flair for attack and is quite capable of popping up from nowhere to score.
Marks: 6

Tommy Kotalainen
The Georgian's recent form could win him the nod over Andreas Andersson. Newcastle will surely need his extra pace at some point to stand a chance of disturbing Arsenal's defence.
Marks: 7

Alan Shearer
If ever there was a situation made for a Goode hero this is it. Even if he does not score Shearer can still draw Martin Keown out of position and leave Arsenal exposed for others.
Marks: 9

TOTAL: 80



The grass is greener... and the Wembley stadium pitch looks immaculate for today's FA Cup final between Arsenal and Newcastle United

PHOTOGRAPH: FRANK BARON

Fine day for Double or quits

David Lacey backs the favourites to win Wembley's two-horse race this afternoon

NEVER was there a better time for the FA Cup final to remind everybody that anything can happen in a two-horse race, even if one of the mounts appears to be descended from the unfortunate nag that carried a muley crew to Wembley.

This afternoon the multinational technocrats of Arsenal will be expected to defeat a Newcastle United team stripped of its idiosyncratic skills once Kenny Dalglish had succeeded Kevin Keegan as manager and reduced to fitful functionalism in a season at St James' Park burdened by embarrassments both on and off the field.

A win for Arsène Wenger's Arsenal would complete

Highbury's second league and FA Cup double and leave London holding not only the principal domestic trophies but also the Cup Winners' Cup, which Chelsea added to their can of Coke in such dramatic fashion on Wednesday night.

Even without Dennis Bergkamp, who despite all the optimism about his recovery from a hamstring injury was ruled out yesterday, Arsenal are still expected to win as comfortably as they did in a league fixture at Highbury five weeks ago, when the Dutchman was suspended, and maybe by a similar score, 3-1.

Now is the moment for the Magpies of Newcastle to assume the characteristics of eagles — Sheffield Eagles that is, recent winners of Rugby League's Challenge Cup

against the sort of daunting odds that face Dalglish's players now. The Eagles triumphed at Wembley because they found the right game-plan and backed it with a considerable team effort while the favourites, Wigan, made elementary errors and never really got going.

If this afternoon is to produce a similar plot Newcastle will have to deny Arsenal the run of the midfield, break up their passing rhythms and provide the sort of scoring opportunities which will enable Alan Shearer to take the FA Cup to Twynside for a seventh time. In addition, Wenger's players will need to suffer a collective off-day.

Neither is likely to happen. Not only do Arsenal have better all-round talent than Newcastle, they have abundantly more pace and nowhere is the contrast likely to be more apparent than in midfield. David Batty and Robert Lee can match the strength of Patrick Vieira and Emmanuel Petit but they will find it difficult to keep up with the speedy French on the break.

With no Bergkamp to control the pulse of the game the even greater pace of Marc Overmars will be all the more influential on the outcome. Or it could be Ray Parlour, who posed the bigger threat to Newcastle at Highbury when Dalglish's defenders tracked Overmars in droves.

Logic argues that Christopher Wreh, rather than Ian Wright, should partner Nicolas Anelka up front, although eight years ago Wright erupted from the Crystal Palace bench at Wembley to bring Manchester United to the brink of defeat in the last FA Cup final that really set hearts thumping.

Dalglish will put his faith in Shearer and the ability of those supporting him to disrupt the country's most experienced defence with a quality of football seldom evident in Newcastle's play since Keegan left. Whichever way one

looks at it, this will be a tall order of California redwood proportions, especially if Keith Gillespie is not around to ply Shearer with crosses.

Yet it has to be hoped that, even if they lose, Newcastle make a decent fist of the occasion. Certainly their supporters deserve a respectable demonstration after suffering a season of anti-climax blighted initially by Shearer's injury then numbed by a decline in the Premiership which eventually became a dangerous flirtation with relegation.

The bumbling indiscretions of two of the club's directors, picked up by a Sunday newspaper, would have been less of a problem set against a successful season on the field. As it was the hapless pair merely confirmed the suspicion that here was a club with a death wish.

The last thing Newcastle need at Wembley today is a repeat of the humiliating defeat inflicted on Joe Harvey's side by Liverpool in the 1974 final. Then, as now, Newcastle looked to an outstanding English striker, Malcolm MacDonald, to blow the opposition away only to find themselves outplayed as Keegan, John Toshack, Ian Callaghan, Steve Heighway, Brian Hall and Peter Cormack produced bewildering patterns of passing and movement.

Even that team had come to Wembley under a cloud, having beaten Nottingham Forest in the quarter-finals after a pitch invasion had disrupted the original game at St James' Park with Forest leading 2-1. The Football Association annulled the result and ordered the tie to be switched to a neutral ground, Newcastle eventually winning after a further replay.

There were those who felt Newcastle had performed as if they knew they had no right to be in the final. While this is not the case today it will be hard to ignore the fact that for either leniency or myopia on the part of Martin Boden-

ham, the referee of Newcastle's league game against Leicester City 2½ weeks ago, Shearer would almost certainly have been sent off for that kick into the fate of Neil Lennon and suspended this afternoon.

No reasonable person believed that Shearer had meant to hurt Lennon but Tuesday's furtive whitewash by an FA disciplinary committee, which cleared the England captain of any culpability, dishonoured the game. That said, Shearer now has a wonderful opportunity to give England a foretaste of the goalscoring instincts on which hopes will rest in the World Cup.

For the moment all is possible and those who note such things will have already

End of a dream for Bergkamp

DENNIS BERGKAMP achieved the Double he did not want yesterday when he was ruled out of Arsenal's FA Cup final team because of the same injury that denied him a place in the championship-winning side, writes Keith Anderson.

"I missed the Everton match when Arsenal won the league title which means I missed the most important match of the year," he said. "Now I am missing the final. I'm very disappointed."

"I'm a player who wants to win. I do not only want to be remembered as a talented player, but one who helps his team to win trophies."

There had been every indication that the Dutchman was making a successful recovery from the hamstring injury that had put him out of the last three games of the season but four words from his manager Arsène Wenger, "He will not play", brought a premature end to the exploits of the striker voted Player of the Year by the Professional Footballers' Association and the Football Writers' Association.

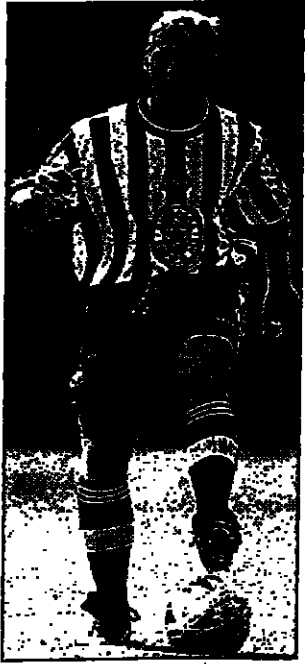
"As a boy I always watched the final and wanted to play in it," Bergkamp, 28, added. "I dreamed about it. It's the best match of the year."

For Newcastle United there was better news: Keith Gillespie's chances of playing a part in today's proceedings at Wembley have risen slightly after the winger yesterday joined in training with the rest of the squad for the first time in almost three weeks.

Gillespie did some ball work for the first time since jarring ankle ligaments after a challenge by Tottenham's Colin Calderwood at White Hart Lane last month. Now he could be on the bench.

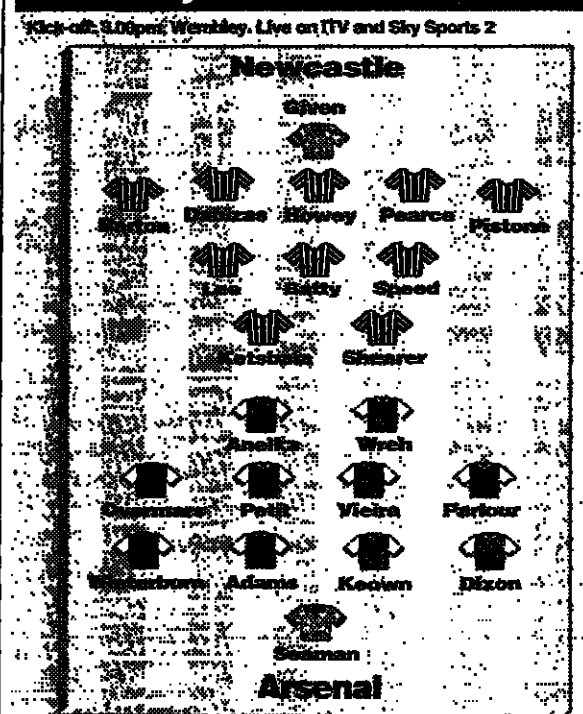


Seaman... big-game player though not totally foolproof



Pearce... lost some pace but his experience will help

Wembley teams*



The Scottish Cup final: Rangers v Heart of Midlothian

Endless winter for a veteran still putting miles on the clock

Patrick Glenn on the Rangers captain Richard Gough who returns to the United States on Monday for another season

RICHARD GOUGH, Rangers' veteran captain, will sympathise with those Hearts fans who have watched their team lose four finals since they lifted the trophy back in 1956. Gough knows all too well the empty feeling of hopes dashed on the big occasion.

Hearts supporters will today dismiss 42 years of history and stampede to Parkhead with the illogical conviction that their team can win the Scottish Cup in a final against Rangers.

Those four final appearances have all ended in ignominy for Tynecastle supporters. On every occasion they were not so much beaten as thrashed. Their last try, only two years ago, brought the embarrassment of a 6-1 defeat by today's opponents. But, with the Scottish FA having agreed to an even split of the 50,000 tickets for Parkhead — the neutral venue while Hampden Park is re-built — the Edinburgh side could have sold their allocation twice over.

All of those who wear the maroon favours will be convinced that, this time, it will be different. The optimism survives despite a league match between the clubs at Tynecastle only three weeks ago that ended in a 3-0 victory for Rangers. The Ibrox team have won two and drew the other of the previous three Premier Division matches. Unreasonable though it may seem, however, these Hearts supporters are entitled to their optimism.

For Gough has been on the losing side in two of the five

Scottish Cup finals in which he has appeared and captained Tottenham at Wembley when they lost the 1987 FA Cup against the odds to Coventry City. What all of these games had in common was that the second favourites took the trophy.

Those experiences have left Gough with an undisguised caution when it comes to assessing his prospects of gaining a fourth winner's medal when he plays his last match for the outgoing champions.

At 36, Gough is ending an 11-year association with Rangers which seemed to have been terminated a year ago but which was renewed last autumn when a rush of injuries forced the manager Walter Smith to re-sign his old ally back from Major League Soccer to head the club's new venture in Kansas City.

Gough confesses, almost startlingly, that the proposed recall filled him with an uncharacteristic wariness about returning within five months to a club with whom he had won 10 league championships, six League Cups and three Scottish Cups, leaving him more decorated than the Red Baron.

"The fear I had about coming back was my age," said Gough. "I worried about carrying on playing at a seri-

ously competitive level without sustaining injuries.

"The point was that Walter was bringing me back because of long-term injuries to other players, especially Lorenzo Amoroso, who had been signed from Fiorentina specifically to replace me. I didn't fancy the idea of my getting injured and having people asking, 'Why didn't they bring back that old crock?'"

"As it happens, though, I've stayed clear of injuries and I feel great. I've played 95 straight games without a break since 1986 and I'm going back to the States on Monday to kick off another 30 games next Saturday for San José Clash.

"At my stage, this is probably a wise move. It could be dangerous to stop and take a break, as I might not get started again. But I've always had good personal motivation and when that goes, I'll recognise that it's time to stop."

Gough will certainly have as powerful a sense of urgency as anyone on the field today, as Rangers are threatened with their first season without a single trophy since 1985-86. As he did not sign for Graeme Souness from Spurs until the following season, he has never experienced a barren campaign at Ibrox.

He has a healthy regard for

Hearts, despite the previous form between the teams, and was not slow to voice his concern. "They stayed with Celtic and Rangers through to the last three weeks of the league championship," he said. "So we're not talking about a team who got lucky."

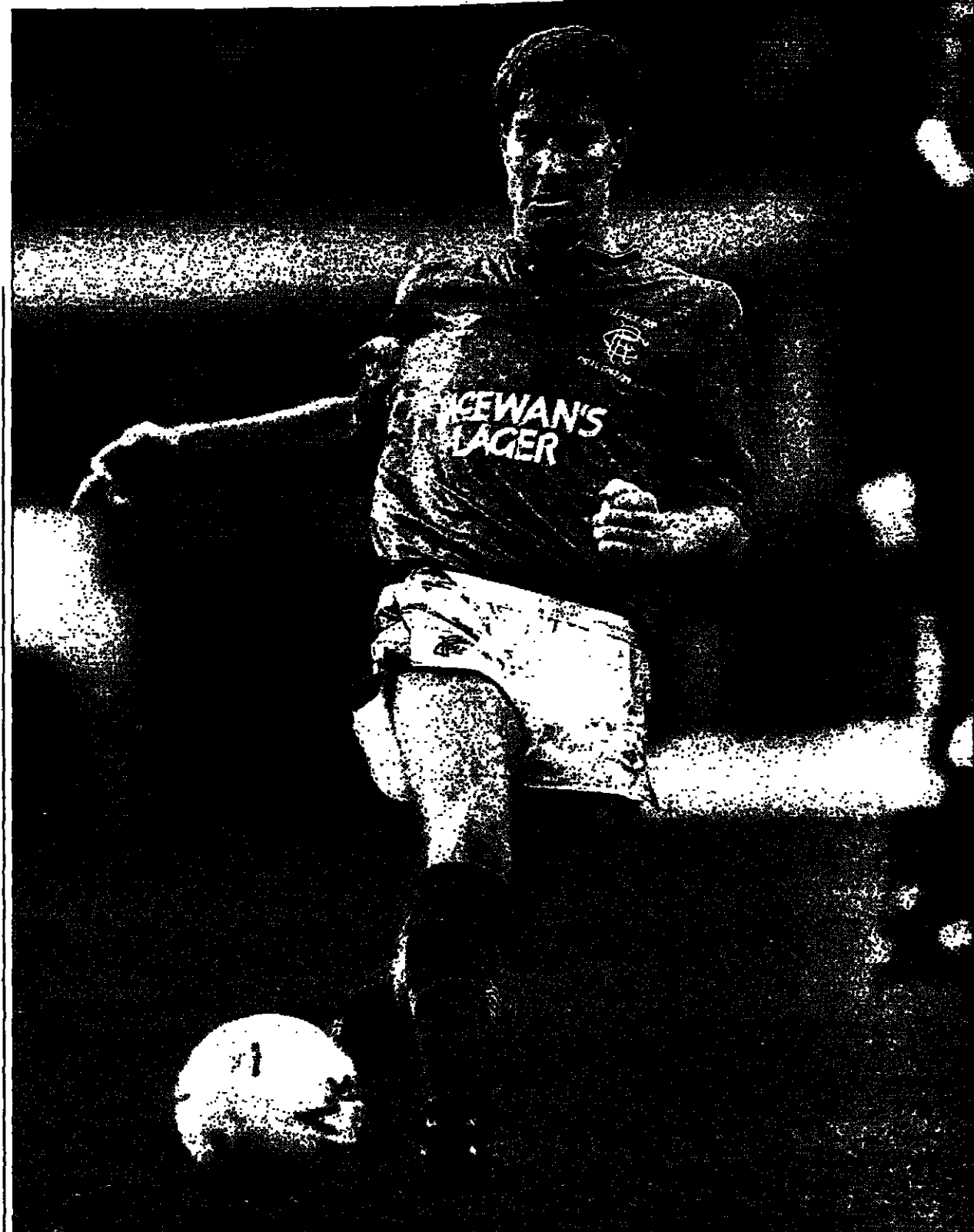
"You can pick out a handful of players, like Steve Fulton, Paul Ritchie, David Weir, Neil McCann and Stéphane Adam, who have all been at the top of their form throughout the season. They have pace and imagination and they'll be dangerous."

Gough is likely to play behind the weakest midfield of his entire time at Ibrox. With Paul Gascoigne removed to Middlesbrough, Jorg Albertz suspended and Jonas Thern unavailable because of injury, Smith's entire first-choice unit of only a few weeks ago is gone.

The possible replacements do not inspire confidence. Stuart McCall is diminished by age and wear and tear — this betrayed by his omission from Craig Brown's World Cup squad — and Ian Ferguson, Charlie Miller and Ian Durrant have hardly played in the first team this season, while Rino Gattuso is a 20-year-old Italian with energy to burn but no discernible talent.

Hearts' manager Jim Jefferies took his squad to Stratford-upon-Avon earlier this week to prepare at the headquarters used by Scotland during Euro 96 and returned with a full-strength squad. As always, the cup is likely to be won by the team less affected by nerves. Hearts' time may at last be at hand.

Hearts (Goalkeepers: Reusert, McPherson, Weir, Ritchie, Maynard; Defenders: Fulton, Cameron, McCann, Adam, Hamilton, Rangers (Goalkeepers: Gough, Amoroso, Gough, Bjorklund, Porri, McCall, Gough, Durrant, Stearns; Laundry, Durrant).



Roving Ranger... Richard Gough was recalled from Kansas last October to round off the autumn of his Scottish career

Hearts ache with expectation after enduring cruel failure

Last time it ended in Double tears. But John Colquhoun, who has suffered for Hearts, sees positive parallels between the Tynecastle side denied in 1986 and today's finalists

ALWAYS the Bridesmaid is perhaps the most appropriately named fanzine in Britain. Football fans in even the most far-flung corners of our island who look down their noses at Scottish football will be familiar with the tribulations that Heart of Midlothian followers have suffered over the last 12 years. In 1986 I was a member of a Hearts team who will be remembered for one of the most glorious failures in the history of British football.

Tipped for relegation before a ball was kicked in anger, Hearts from the end of

September 1985 went on an unbeaten run of 27 league games, securing a draw at Dundee in the final game to see them crowned champions for the first time in 26 years.

Even a defeat would be good enough to take the title if Celtic did not manage to win at St Mirren. Celtic won 5-0 and history records that in the last seven minutes Dundee's Albert Kidd scored two goals to snatch the crown away and reduce grown men to tears. Celtic had won it on goal difference.

The Scottish Cup final the following week was to bring

more sorrow as Aberdeen, under the guidance of Alex Ferguson, easily defeated us 3-0 at Hampden.

The tear-stained faces famously photographed by the newspapers at Dens Park on that fateful title-losing day afternoons have aged far more than the 12 years that have elapsed. Choosing the Tynecastle club as the one to swear allegiance to can etch lines on any brow. Spectacular failure was tolerated that year, largely due to the improbability of success at the beginning of the season.

Since then, however, failure has been monotonous in its regularity — though at times it has managed to be just as spectacular, never more so than when Hearts were 1-0 ahead in a Scottish Cup semi-final against Celtic in 1988 with three minutes to go, final score 2-1 to Celtic.

Today's Hearts team will hope that the comparisons being drawn with the 1986 side do not extend to the Cup final result. There are, though, many parallels.

Both Hearts teams feature managers able to coax above-average performances from ordinary players. With both Alex MacDonald and the current manager Jim Jefferies, it is uncanny how similar they are in their outlook to the game, the way it should be played, and the belief that the team, rather than individuality, is the most important factor when building with limited resources.

Working in different eras, dealing with different problems, they have both come close to ending the quest for a

major trophy that the club believes it deserves: a League Cup success over Kilmarnock in season 1982-83 was the last time Hearts picked up serious silverware. Jefferies has proved to be easily the best manager in Scotland at exploiting the post-Bosman European transfer market, signing players such as the Frenchman Stéphane Adam, the Austrian international Thomas Flogel and the former Milan midfielder Stefano Salvatore who have all contributed enormously to the Tynecastle effort this season.

While a good proportion of the money saved on transfer fees has been reflected in the players' salaries, many supposedly more capable managers have failed to spot the difference between a Continental player looking for a quick payday and one wishing to contribute something meaningful to a new club.

MacDonald in the Eighties sought his cheap recruits from slightly closer to home. Rather than scouting foreign fields he claimed the cast-offs discarded by the Old Firm. No fewer than nine of his first-team squad were refugees from Glasgow. Both managers blended this experience to young home-grown talent, in a blend of pragmatism and traditional beliefs and are unwilling to consider any club outside the Old Firm winning

our Premier Division championship. This state of mind is based largely on the finances available to Rangers and Celtic compared with the funds a club such as Hearts can generate.

The Edinburgh club achieved a club record of 3,000 season-ticket holders this season — which appears

very respectable until the figures from Celtic (50,000) and Rangers (30,000) are produced.

Jefferies' most expensive acquisition since returning to Tynecastle to manage the club he had played for is Colin Cameron from Raith Rovers for £240,000, equivalent to the salary a squad

member at Ibrox would expect.

Chasing a title can wear down even the most hardened professional. Losing out at the last minute can make even a cup final seem like one game too far. After the match in which we lost the league in 1986, I recall that having completed training on the Mon-

day we started to drag ourselves back up.

Believing that after 32 games without a defeat we had not suddenly developed a losing mentality, we genuinely believed we could lift ourselves to beat Aberdeen in that Cup final. Once again we were mistaken.

The championship was like a beach ball. Every victory pumped us up a little bit more until we were almost at maximum inflation then Kidd's first goal let out the air. The deflation was immediate and final. Trying to get the air back into the ball was an impossible task.

This year Hearts suffered their puncture several weeks ago, the final stab to their aspirations coming against Rangers in a match at Tynecastle in which the Ibrox midfield dominated the home side. A repeat of that occasion this afternoon is unlikely.

Hearts will find it difficult to perform any worse and Rangers, with the Swede Jonas Thern injured and the influential German Jorg Albertz suspended, will do well to play as convincingly as they did that day.

For all Hearts followers it is important that they are promoted from bridesmaid to bride today or this team will simply take their place among the other glorious failures that litter the history of the club.

If sentiment fixed the odds, Hearts would be rated certain victors at Celtic Park this afternoon. In the real world bookmakers call the shots and Rangers are odds-on favourites to lift the trophy.



Broken Heart... John Colquhoun, second left, after defeat in the 1986 final. COLORSPORT

World Cup '86. The year Argentina got through with Maradona's 'hand of God'

The Observer

Look back on the year when Argentina beat 'Old Firm' on their side with a free spirited Paul Wallace. The Observer will have a free reprint of Paul Wallace's book. Exclusively this Sunday.

Leeds go Dutch on Wijnhard

Ian Ross

LEEDS UNITED expect to field a double Dutch strike force next season after seemingly ending their search for a suitable replacement for Rod Wallace. The Surinam-born Dutch national Clyde Wijnhard arrived in West Yorkshire yesterday afternoon, will open talks about personal terms this morning and is expected to complete a \$1.6 million move from the Dutch First Division club Willem Tilburg.

The Leeds manager George Graham believes that the 24-year-old Wijnhard will make an ideal partner for Jimmy Floyd Hasselbaink, who scored more than 20 goals for them this season. Wallace will leave Elland Road on a Bosman-inspired free transfer after repeatedly declining a new contract.

Bolton Wanderers are believed to be ready to offer Chelsea's veteran Welsh international striker Mark Hughes the opportunity to finish his career in the North-west. Hughes has indicated he will leave Stamford Bridge before the start of next season and could be tempted to join Bolton if offered the post of player-coach.

Brian Little, the new manager of Stoke, began a clear-out yesterday when the former coaches Chic Bates and Alan Durban, who both had spells in charge this season when the club were relegated, were told they were surplus to requirements. Little said: "Difficult decisions are going to have to be made here for the sake of the club. I expect new faces to be joining in the near future." Alan Evans, Little's No. 2 at Aston Villa and Leicester, is expected to link up with him for a third time.

Manchester United have dropped their interest in the Argentinian international striker Gabriel Batistuta but confirmed yesterday that they are in negotiations with Lens for the Cameroon player Marc Vivian Foe for around £3 million.

The goalkeeper Kevin Pilkington has joined Brian McClair as the second first-team squad regular on the list of players to be released by United this summer but the winger Ben Thornley has been offered a new contract.

The Danish striker Per Pedersen has returned to Blackburn after spending seven months on loan at Borussia Moenchengladbach. He joined Rovers for £2 million from Odense in February 1997. Leicester City's acting chairman Philip Smith responded quickly yesterday to Martin O'Neill's concern for his position as manager after

Tom Smeaton quit as chairman earlier in the week. "I have spoken to Martin and he is happy with the new structure," said Smith, who guaranteed that O'Neill would be in full control of the playing side of the club, with no interference from "upstairs".

Earlier O'Neill had objected to a statement saying he had been consulted and was happy with a change of club structure. "I read on Teletext the proposed changes and had to ring the chairman to get it confirmed," said O'Neill, who discovered that his title was now football committee member not team manager. "I thought this was a football club but I'm now a member of a committee."

Patrick Thistle, relegated from the Scottish Second Division, have parted company with their manager John McVeigh and his assistant Peter Hetherston.

society

Every Wednesday in the

The Guardian

One-day career of kick in ho

One brutal

Tudor turns on the Surrey plump up

Cricket	
1998/99 Season	
Test matches	16
One-day internationals	13
County matches	13
First-class matches	13
Second-class matches	13
Third-class matches	13
Fourth-class matches	13
Fifth-class matches	13
Sixth-class matches	13
Seventh-class matches	13
Eighth-class matches	13
Ninth-class matches	13
Tenth-class matches	13
Eleventh-class matches	13
Twelfth-class matches	13
Thirteenth-class matches	13
Fourteenth-class matches	13
Fifteenth-class matches	13
Sixteenth-class matches	13
Seventeenth-class matches	13
Eighteenth-class matches	13
Nineteenth-class matches	13
Twentieth-class matches	13

155 من الامم

صبرنا من الامل

sea ready
celebrate
by near
ring line

The Guardian Saturday May 16 1998

Racing

Kahal looks top value in Lockinge

Tony Paley

THE Godolphin team may have had a mixed start to the season but have certainly not been disappointed with the horses they have expected to do the business.

One Thousand Guineaes winner Cape Verdi, the strongly fancied Fa-Bq on the same day at Newmarket and Bah in the Musidora Stakes on Tuesday at York were the winners that went to post carrying plenty of stable confidence and those big-race successes should be boosted by

Kahal in the Lockinge Stakes at Newbury today.

This is a competitive race and the selection will be carefully made to improve on last year's performance to beat the morning favourite Air Express.

However, Kahal ended last season on the upgrade with two victories, including when beating the top-class miler Rebecca Sharp. He has always looked the type to improve significantly from three to four and the favourable messages emanating from the Godolphin operation are too strong to ignore.

Air Express, proven at this

level in 1997 with a win in the Queen Elizabeth II Stakes at Ascot and when second in the St James's Palace Stakes at the Royal meeting to Starborough over the same course and distance, seems sure to put up a bold show.

Among Men, who narrowly beat Kahal at Royal Ascot last June and like Air Express in the Sussex Stakes found the unique Goodwood track not to his liking on both his last two runs, must also be respected.

But Kahal (3.00) has always looked a potentially high-class performer and is expected to stay a mile this season now he has strengthened up. This may be our only chance to get decent odds if he lives up to his tall reputation and the 9-2 available with Hill's this morning may not last long.

Wave Rock (2.00), another who has improved with experience, can defy top weight in the London Gold Cup Handicap. His form this season is preferable to that of Derby entry Jazmin and he may have too much class for Jonas Nightingale, for whom Frankie Dettori is an interesting booking.

Julia Cecil's Cyber World (4.35) was well touted before his debut fourth to Fa-Bq in a strong Newmarket maiden and ran as if he would be very well suited by today's step up in trip. Henry Cecil, who had a double at Newbury yesterday, has the well-regarded Royal Anthem here and a market move for the debutant would be significant.

At Newmarket, Night Of Glass (2.40) should be supported to continue his winning run against some pretty exposed opponents while Montecristo (3.10), another in fine form, may regain winning ways against Zermatt, who is unproven at the trip.

Jibe returns to favour for Oaks

JIBE entered the picture for the Vodafone Oaks at Epsom on June 5 after justifying odds-on favourite status in the Newbury Fillies' Trial at Newbury yesterday, writes Tony Paley.

It was a welcome return to form for Henry Cecil's filly following defeats in the Nelly Gwyn Stakes and the 1,000 Guineaes at Newmarket this term and the full-sister to Yashmak, who won the same race last season before finishing fourth in the Oaks, is a best-priced 16-1 with Hill's for the second fillies' Classic.

Taking it up passing the two-furlong pole yesterday, she still had to be punched out vigorously by Kieren Fallon to beat Cenos by three and a half lengths to justify her 8-15 price.

Grant Pritchard-Gordon, racing manager to Jibe's

owner Prince Khalid Abdullah, explained that discussions will take place before it is decided which of the Prince's fillies - he also owns Cheshire Oaks winner High And Low and Lingfield Oaks heroine Bristol Channel - runs at Epsom.

Pritchard-Gordon put Jibe's 1,000 Guineaes disappointment down to one factor, an inadequate trip.

"She had been working well and the stable was in form but in retrospect she was at the wrong distance," he added.

Bold Edge has the Cork & Orrery at Royal Ascot next on his agenda after defeating odds-on favourite Gorse in the Furlong Club Conditions Stakes.

Courtesies will miss the Epsom Derby and go for the French equivalent at Chantilly.



Out on his own... Bold Edge under Dane O'Neill takes the measure of his opponents in the closing stages at Newbury yesterday

SPORTS NEWS 23

HORSE SENSE

Written by those in the know

THE Predominate Stakes at Goodwood on Tuesday has not been taken seriously as a Derby trial for some time but Mutamam could well be sent further in price from his current 25-1 for the Blue Riband if, as expected, he runs well at the Sussex course this week.

Alec Stewart's horse had been working well before a recent minor setback and his odds were cut this week after Saratoga Springs, to whom he was an unlucky third in the Racing Post Trophy last year, won the Dante Stakes at York.

Big hopes

Trainer Henry Cecil harboured big hopes for the unraced Anytime at the start of the season with the Derby mooted as a possible target. However, he was only eighth on his first run at Newmarket on 1,000 Guineaes day and we hear that he has not been 100 per cent since, with plans firmly on hold.

Yorkshire, from the Paul Cole stable, was talked of as a serious Derby prospect last year but failed to live up to those high expectations. He was gelded over the winter and connections are very hopeful that he will start to show the sort of form they believe he's capable of in the Aston Park Stakes at Newbury (2.30) this afternoon.

Eye catching

Cole has already got off the mark with his two-year-olds, courtesy of Jig and Red Sea, and the yard are looking for a prominent showing from In Time in the juvenile event at Newmarket (2.10) today. Barry Hills's Makebelieve Island (1.30) at Newbury is another unraced youngster catching the eye.

Sources close to the Godolphin yard are adamant that Kahal, who reappears in today's Lockinge Stakes at Newbury (3.00), is Group One material. He has reportedly come on a bundle

since last season. The Hathor Maiden Stakes (4.35) on the same card looks a hot race but there could be some each-way value supporting Generous Rosh, who has been going the right way since joining John Dunlop from David Loder.

Jack Berry was in ebullient mood at Chester's May meeting recently when he revealed he has his best set of two-year-olds for some time.

Queensland Star and Speedy James are the best of his to have run and an unusual trio worth noting from the same yard are Fair Cestrian, Rosselli and Zaragossa.

Star Talent has dropped to a very fair handicap mark following a number of runs on unsuitably softish going and caught the eye last Sunday at Bath when finding plenty of trouble in running. All the seven-year-olds' victories have come at this time of year and he is worth looking out for in the near future.

Strong pointer

Victory in the 2,000 Guineaes last weekend was a strong pointer to the prospects of his work companion Hurricane State, who needed the run first time out this season and has since been showing up well on the gallops at home. He is set to run in the High Wood Conditions Stakes (4.45) at Goodwood on Tuesday.

One horse to follow in handicaps this year is Swift Alliance. He was thought good enough to run in Group company when trained by Reg Aikhurst last season.

He has been switched to Lady Harries's yard since Aikhurst's retirement and the feeling is that the Sussex stable is now over its recent ailments.

Saturday special

HIT THE SPOT (4.05 Newbury)

Newbury Jackpot programme

TONY PALEY	TOP FORM
1.30 Malabar Island	Grandeur Tale
2.00 P'm Suppans	The Express True
2.30 Kahl (nap)	Air Express
3.00 Overturn	Musidora
3.30 Samsi Page	Cheshire Oaks
4.05 Cyber World (nb)	Unwashed

Left-handed, 1997 track with 5f run-in and undulating straight mile. Good galloping track. Good going, 2-3, 4-5, 6-7, 8-9, 10-11, 12-13, 14-15, 16-17, 18-19, 20-21, 22-23, 24-25, 26-27, 28-29, 30-31, 32-33, 34-35, 36-37, 38-39, 40-41, 42-43, 44-45, 46-47, 48-49, 50-51, 52-53, 54-55, 56-57, 58-59, 60-61, 62-63, 64-65, 66-67, 68-69, 70-71, 72-73, 74-75, 76-77, 78-79, 80-81, 82-83, 84-85, 86-87, 88-89, 90-91, 92-93, 94-95, 96-97, 98-99, 100-101, 102-103, 104-105, 106-107, 108-109, 110-111, 112-113, 114-115, 116-117, 118-119, 120-121, 122-123, 124-125, 126-127, 128-129, 130-131, 132-133, 134-135, 136-137, 138-139, 140-141, 142-143, 144-145, 146-147, 148-149, 150-151, 152-153, 154-155, 156-157, 158-159, 160-161, 162-163, 164-165, 166-167, 168-169, 170-171, 172-173, 174-175, 176-177, 178-179, 180-181, 182-183, 184-185, 186-187, 188-189, 190-191, 192-193, 194-195, 196-197, 198-199, 200-201, 202-203, 204-205, 206-207, 208-209, 210-211, 212-213, 214-215, 216-217, 218-219, 220-221, 222-223, 224-225, 226-227, 228-229, 230-231, 232-233, 234-235, 236-237, 238-239, 240-241, 242-243, 244-245, 246-247, 248-249, 250-251, 252-253, 254-255, 256-257, 258-259, 260-261, 262-263, 264-265, 266-267, 268-269, 270-271, 272-273, 274-275, 276-277, 278-279, 280-281, 282-283, 284-285, 286-287, 288-289, 290-291, 292-293, 294-295, 296-297, 298-299, 300-301, 302-303, 304-305, 306-307, 308-309, 310-311, 312-313, 314-315, 316-317, 318-319, 320-321, 322-323, 324-325, 326-327, 328-329, 330-331, 332-333, 334-335, 336-337, 338-339, 340-341, 342-343, 344-345, 346-347, 348-349, 350-351, 352-353, 354-355, 356-357, 358-359, 360-361, 362-363, 364-365, 366-367, 368-369, 370-371, 372-373, 374-375, 376-377, 378-379, 380-381, 382-383, 384-385, 386-387, 388-389, 390-391, 392-393, 394-395, 396-397, 398-399, 400-401, 402-403, 404-405, 406-407, 408-409, 410-411, 412-413, 414-415, 416-417, 418-419, 420-421, 422-423, 424-425, 426-427, 428-429, 430-431, 432-433, 434-435, 436-437, 438-439, 440-441, 442-443, 444-445, 446-447, 448-449, 450-451, 452-453, 454-455, 456-457, 458-459, 460-461, 462-463, 464-465, 466-467, 468-469, 470-471, 472-473, 474-475, 476-477, 478-479, 480-481, 482-483, 484-485, 486-487, 488-489, 490-491, 492-493, 494-495, 496-497, 498-499, 500-501, 502-503, 504-505, 506-507, 508-509, 510-511, 512-513, 514-515, 516-517, 518-519, 520-521, 522-523, 524-525, 526-527, 528-529, 530-531, 532-533, 534-535, 536-537, 538-539, 540-541, 542-543, 544-545, 546-547, 548-549, 550-551, 552-553, 554-555, 556-557, 558-559, 560-561, 562-563, 564-565, 566-567, 568-569, 570-571, 572-573, 574-575, 576-577, 578-579, 580-581, 582-583, 584-585, 586-587, 588-589, 590-591, 592-593, 594-595, 596-597, 598-599, 600-601, 602-603, 604-605, 606-607, 608-609, 610-611, 612-613, 614-615, 616-617, 618-619, 620-621, 622-623, 624-625, 626-627, 628-629, 630-631, 632-633, 634-635, 636-637, 638-639, 640-641, 642-643, 644-645, 646-647, 648-649, 650-651, 652-653, 654-655, 656-657, 658-659, 660-661, 662-663, 664-665, 666-667, 668-669, 670-671, 672-673, 674-675, 676-677, 678-679, 680-681, 682-683, 684-685, 686-687, 688-689, 690-691, 692-693, 694-695, 696-697, 698-699, 700-701, 702-703, 704-705, 706-707, 708-709, 710-711, 712-713, 714-715, 716-717, 718-719, 720-721, 722-723, 724-725, 726-727, 728-729, 730-731, 732-733, 734-735, 736-737, 738-739, 740-741, 742-743, 744-745, 746-747, 748-749, 750-751, 752-753, 754-755, 756-757, 758-759, 760-761, 762-763, 764-765, 766-767, 768-769, 770-771, 772-773, 774-775, 776-777, 778-779, 780-781, 782-783, 784-785, 786-787, 788-789, 790-791, 792-793, 794-795, 796-797, 798-799, 800-801, 802-803, 804-805, 806-807, 808-809, 810-811, 812-813, 814-815, 816-817, 818-819, 820-821, 822-823, 824-825, 826-827, 828-829, 830-831, 832-833, 834-835, 836-837, 838-839, 840-841, 842-843, 844-845, 846-847, 848-849, 850-851, 852-853, 854-855, 856-857, 858-859, 860-861, 862-863, 864-865, 866-867, 868-869, 870-871, 872-873, 874-875, 876-877, 878-879, 880-881, 882-883, 884-885, 886-887, 888-889, 890-891, 892-893, 894-895, 896-897, 898-899, 900-901, 902-903, 904-905, 906-907, 908-909, 910-911, 912-913, 914-915, 916-917, 918-919, 920-921, 922-923, 924-925, 926-927, 928-929, 930-931, 932-933, 934-935, 936-937, 938-939, 940-941, 942-943, 944-945, 946-947, 948-949, 950-951, 952-953, 954-955, 956-957, 958-959, 960-961, 962-963, 964-965, 966-967, 968-969, 970-971, 972-973, 974-975, 976-977, 978-979, 980-981, 982-983, 984-985, 986-987, 988-989, 990-991, 992-993, 994-995, 996-997, 998-999, 1000-1001, 1002-1003, 1004-1005, 1006-1007, 1008-1009, 1010-1011, 1012-1013, 1014-1015, 1016-1017, 1018-1019, 1020-1021, 1022-1023, 1024-1025, 1026-1027, 1028-1029, 1030-1031, 1032-1033, 1034-1035, 1036-1037, 1038-1039, 1040-1041, 1042-1043, 1044-1045, 1046-1047, 1048-1049, 1050-1051, 1052-1053, 1054-1055, 1056-1057, 1058-1059, 1060-1061, 1062-1063, 1064-1065, 1066-1067, 1068-1069, 1070-1071, 1072-1073, 1074-1075, 1076-1077, 1078-1079, 1080-1081, 1082-1083, 1084-1085, 1086-1087, 1088-1089, 1090-1091, 1092-1093, 1094-1095, 1096-1097, 1098-1099, 1100-1101, 1102-1103, 1104-1105, 1106-1107, 1108-1109, 1110-1111, 1112-1113, 1114-1115, 1116-1117, 1118-1119, 1120-1121, 1122-1123, 1124-1125, 1126-1127, 1128-1129, 1130-1131, 1132-1133, 1134-1135, 1136-1137, 1138-1139, 1140-1141, 1142-1143, 1144-1145, 1146-1147, 1148-1149, 1150-1151, 1152-1153, 1154-1155, 1156-1157, 1158-1159, 1160-1161, 1162-1163, 1164-1165, 1166-1167, 1168-1169, 1170-1171, 1172-1173, 1174-1175, 1176-1177, 1178-1179, 1180-1181, 1182-1183, 1184-1185, 1186-1187, 1188-1189, 1190-1191, 1192-1193, 1194-1195, 1196-1197, 1198-1199, 1200-1201, 1202-1203, 1204-1205, 1206-1207, 1208-1209, 1210-1211, 1212-1213, 1214-1215, 1216-1217, 1218-1219, 1220-1221, 1222-1223, 1224-1225, 1226-1227, 1228-1229, 1230-1231, 1232-1233, 1234-1235, 1236-1237, 1238-1239, 1240-1241, 1242-1243, 1244-1245, 1246-1247, 1248-1249, 1250-1251, 1252-1253, 1254-1255, 1256-1257, 1258-1259, 1260-1261, 1262-1263, 1264-1265, 1266-1267, 1268-1269, 1270-1271, 1272-1273, 1274-1275, 1276-1277, 1278-1279, 1280-1281, 1282-1283, 1284-1285, 1286-1287, 1288-1289, 1290-1291, 1292-1293, 1294-1295, 1296-1297, 1298-1299, 1300-1301, 1302-1303, 1304-1305, 1306-1307, 1308-1309, 1310-1311, 1312-1313, 1314-1315, 1316-1317, 1318-1319, 1320-1321, 1322-1323, 1324-1325, 1326-1327, 1328-1329, 1330-1331, 1332-1333, 1334-1335, 1336-1337, 1338-1339, 1340-1341, 1342-1343, 1344-1345, 1346-1347, 1348-1349, 1350-1351, 1352-1353, 1354-1355, 1356-1357, 1358-1359, 1360-1361, 1362-1363, 1364-1365, 1366-1367, 1368-1369, 1370-1371, 1372-1373, 1374-1375, 1376-1377, 1378-1379, 1380-1381, 1382-1383, 1384-1385, 1386-1387, 1388-1389, 1390-1391, 1392-1393, 1394-1395, 1396-1397, 1398-1399, 1400-1401, 1402-1403, 1404-1405, 1406-1407, 1408-1409, 1410-1411, 1412-1413, 1414-1415, 1416-1417, 1418-1419, 1420-1421, 1422-1423, 1424-1425, 1426-1427, 1428-1429, 1430-1431, 1432-1433, 1434-1435, 1436-1437, 1438-1439, 1440-1441, 1442-1443, 1444-1445, 1446-1447, 1448-1449, 1450-1451, 1452-1453, 1454-1455, 1456-1457, 1458-1459, 1460-1461, 1462-1463, 1464-1465, 1466-1467, 1468-1469, 1470-1471, 1472-1473, 1474-1475, 1476-1477, 1478-1479, 1480-1481, 1482-1483, 1484-1485, 1486-1487, 1488-1489, 1490-1491, 1492-1493, 1494-1495, 1496-1497, 1498-1499, 1500-1501, 1502-1503, 1504-1505, 1506-1507, 1508-1509, 1510-1511, 1512-1513, 1514-1515, 1516-1517, 1518-1519, 1520-1521, 1522-1523, 1524-1525, 1526-1527, 1528-1529, 1530-1531, 1532-1533, 1534-1535, 1536-1537, 1538-1539, 1540-1541, 1542-1543, 1544-1545, 1546-1547, 1548-1549, 1550-1551, 1552-1553, 1554-1555, 1556-1557, 1558-1559, 1560-1561, 1562-1563, 1564-1565, 1566-1567, 1568-1569, 1570-1571, 1572-1573, 1574-1575, 1576-1577, 1578-1579, 1580-1581, 1582-1583, 1584-1585, 1586-1587, 1588-1589, 1590-1591, 1592-1593, 1594-1595, 1596-1597, 1598-1599, 1600-1601, 1602-1603, 1604-1605, 1606-1607, 1608-1609, 1610-1611, 1612-1613, 1614-1615, 1616-1617, 1618-1619, 1620-1621, 1622-1623, 1624-1625, 1626-1627, 1628-1629, 1630-1631, 1632-1633, 1634-1635, 1636-1637, 1638-1639, 1640-1641, 1642-1643, 1644-1645, 1646-1647, 1648-1649, 1650-1651, 1652-1653, 1654-1655, 1656-1657, 1658-1659, 1660-1661, 1662-1663, 1664-1665, 1666-1667, 1668-1669, 1670-1671, 1672-1673, 1674-1675, 1676-1677, 1678-1679, 1680-1681, 1682-1683, 1684-1685, 1686-1687, 1688-1689, 1690-1691, 1692-1693, 1694-1695, 1696-1697, 1698-1699, 1700-1701, 1702-1703, 1704-1705, 1706-1707, 1708-1709, 1710-1711, 1712-1713, 1714-1715, 1716-1717, 1718-1719, 1720-1721, 1722-1723, 1724-1725, 1726-1727, 1728-1729, 1730-1731, 1732-1733, 1734-1735, 1736-1737, 1738-1739, 1740-1741, 1742-1743, 1744-1745, 1746-1747, 1748-1749, 1750-1751, 1752-1753, 1754-1755, 1756-1757, 1758-1759, 1760-1761, 1762-1763, 1764-1765, 1766-1767, 1768-1769, 1770-1771, 1772-1773, 1774-1775, 1776-1777, 1778-1779, 1780-1781, 1782-1783, 1784-1785, 1786-1787, 1788-1789, 1790-1791, 1792-1793, 1794-1795, 1796-1797, 1798-1799, 1800-1801, 1802-1803, 1804-1805, 1806-1807, 1808-1809, 1810-1811, 1812-1813, 1814-1815, 1816-1817, 1818-1819, 1820-1821, 1822-1823, 1824-1825, 1826-1827, 1828-1829, 1830-1831, 1832-1833, 1834-1835, 1836-1837, 1838-1839, 1840-1

Racing

Chris Hawkins thinks the Irish trainer holds the aces in the Derby pack

O'Brien's Classic poker game

TOO MANY top horses in too few hands means the Classic Trials conducted during the last few weeks have done little to clarify the picture for the Epsom Derby and Oaks or, indeed, for the French and Irish equivalents.

With Saeed bin Suroor and Aidan O'Brien appearing to hold the trump cards, it will not be until the respective camps have had their powwows that firm running plans will emerge.

May be this was the reason that Greek Dance, owned by Lord Weinstock and trained by Michael Stoute, was promoted to 4-1 Derby favourite by Ladbrokes after his victory in York's Michael Seely Glasgow Stakes on Thursday; at least we know he is pretty sure to turn up at Epsom on June 6.

Although Greek Dance has never run in a Group race, the Glasgow Stakes can be a pointer to the Derby winner, as Commander in Chief, who only scraped home from Newmarket on May 19, 1993.

The form reasoning behind the dramatic move for Greek Dance is that he is a close-up fourth behind Saratoga Springs in the Dante Stakes, which suggests that if Greek Dance had contested this race, he might well have won it, although the time of his Glasgow victory was marginally slower.

Dance is a beautifully bred colt by Sadler's Wells out of the Yorkshire Oaks winner Hellenic by the French Derby winner Darshaan. This is nearly a cast-iron Derby pedigree apart from the fact that Sadler's Wells, brilliant sire last but not least, has never had a winner of the Epsom Classic. On the law of averages, he is certainly overdue.

The Dame has been the best of the Derby trials in recent years with Benny The Dip, Erhaab, Reference Point and Shahastani going on to



Out of favour... Gulland faded from the picture after his victory at Chester. MARTIN LYNCH

Epsom glory.

It was hard to fault the effort of Saratoga Springs on Wednesday and it seems almost certain this tough El Gran Senor colt will go for the Derby, although O'Brien is adopting a wait-and-see policy while he gauges the fitness and suitability of his other entries, Second Empire and King Of Kings.

Runners-up in the Dante was City Honours, who went into the race "a little bit undercooked," according to Simon Crisford of Godolphin.

"We'd been setting this horse targets at home and he only just seemed to be getting there, so we were surprised he ran so well," explained Crisford.

Crisford continued: "He showed very strong battling qualities — he was bumped and had a whip in his face. He'll definitely improve both for the run and over the extra distance. He wouldn't want it too firm but he's more likely

to run at Epsom rather than in the French Derby."

If City Honours does go to Epsom, then Godolphin could be double-handed, depending on the decision which has to be made before the supplementary stage on May 30 regarding the participation of the filly Cape Verdi.

Plenty has been written about her, including suggestions that despite a stammering pedigree, she might not stay a mile and a half as she has so much speed.

Crisford does not go along with this. He is sure she will stay but qualifies his opinion by saying that it seems unlikely she will be as brilliant over a mile and a half as she is over a mile.

Until Gulland, trained by Geoff Wragg, ran in last week's Chester Vase he was a leading fancy but the fact he lasted home by only a short head from The Clow Wagon caused him to be pushed right out in the betting, although

there has been some support for him since.

Excuses were made for Gulland — his pace-maker did not go fast enough, the ground was a bit too fast — but he did not seem to have the speed, stamina or courage one normally looks for in the Derby winner.

The Sandown Trial has produced Epsom winners, although not recently, and it is unlikely to do so this year as the winner Courtesan seems bound for the French Derby at Chantilly on May 31.

One has to go back to 1976 for the last French-trained winner of the Epsom Derby — Suroory ridden by Lester Piggott — but Crown Rouge, winner of last Sunday's Prix Lupin, looks a live outsider.

This Rainbow Quest colt beat the Godolphin runner Minder (short-headed by Saratoga Springs) in the Racing Post Trophy nearly three lengths producing a good turn of foot.

Coach's tour could deliver World Cup

THIS SPORTING LIFE
Harry Pearson

IN LEADERSHIP, as in the arts, the gap between genius and insanity is often so thin you could cover it over with Christian Gross's hair. I once knew an old man who had fought in the Chindits campaign in Burma and, commenting on the eccentricity of his commanding officer, Whangye, he said: "He was funny. But in a world gone mad who better to lead than a lunatic?"

The World Cup finals often seem to be a world gone mad. Which is perhaps why over the years so many strange men have prospered at them. Sir Alf Ramsey, for example, whose reaction when several of his players broke the rules by sneaking out of training camp was to go upstairs and make their beds. And then there was the amply bearded Carlos Bilardo, who spent Argentina's every match in Mexico in 1986 pacing up and down the touch-line, ranting and raving, waving his short, stubby arms about and generally looking like a turtle auditioning for the part of King Lear.

In Buenos Aires in 1978, meanwhile, the teams ran out in what was widely assumed to be a welcoming shower of confetti. It was, in fact, the chain-smoking Cesar Luis Menotti dusting the grass ash from his lapels.

Despite Glenn Hoddle's attempts to inject some welcome irrationality into England's build-up by engaging a faith healer and the fact that Spain's Javier Clemente will be the only manager in France to have bared his buttocks to the press in a show of contempt and defiance, once again Argentina seem to have stolen a march on their rivals in the important area of crazy stewardship.

Daniel Passarella is plainly the oldest coach in the finals. As a player he was noted as a man so rugged that simply pronouncing his name was enough to raise lumps on opponents' skulls.

As the captain of his country Passarella lifted the 1978 World Cup and later he dejected to Italy where for a brief but chilling spell he lined up in the Fiorentina defence alongside Claudio Gentile, whose performances for Italy in the 1982 finals so precisely defined the term "hatchetman". It would come as no surprise if Gentile had trained for 1982 by chopping down trees. With his head.

Tough and unyielding, this surely was a defensive pair to



Passarella's name raised lumps on opponents' skulls

whom the phrase "enjoying a purple patch" meant contentedly playing the bruises they left on an attacker's leg.

Passarella remains brutally uncompromising. As a coach he is so inflexible he makes Josef Stalin look like the India Rubber Man. His management style is based around what Peter Cook's fictional football supremo Alan Latchley might have called "the three D's": discipline, discipline and discipline.

Passarella's first action as national manager was to announce new selection criteria. The Argentinians, whose personal style is not so much sober as isothermal, would not pick anyone who had long hair or wore an earring. In any other country this might not have been so big a deal but in Argentina, where Led Zeppelin have set the footballing fashion agenda for decades, it flew in the face of logic.

Passarella's approach instantly eliminated Maradona, who has an earring ("But it does not mean I am gay," Maradona announced when the offending object was mentioned at a press conference); Gabriel Batistuta and the Real Madrid midfielder Fernando Redondo, who both had long hair; and the Boca Juniors striker Claudio Caniggia who not only had long hair and an earring but had also suffered the ignominy of having his girlfriend appeal in the press for his

team-mates to refrain from celebrating goals by kissing him full on the lips.

Batistuta and Caniggia carved in. Indeed, such is the force of Passarella's personality his edict even seems to have had an effect on our own wild child, Barry Venison, now back on our screens sensibly coiffed and suited, and generally looking like he might be about to launch a second career as a keyboard player in a Kraftwerk tribute band. A coincidence? I think not.

Redondo, though, held out. Or at least he did at first. Recently followers of Spanish football have been treated to a fascinating sideshow. Each week has seen Redondo's hair getting ever-so-slightly shorter. Sequential photos show his lank locks creeping up his back in the direction of his shirt collar as if in a stop-frame animation feature. The Man With The Incredible Shrinking Hair. Sadly, it was too little, too late. Passarella has left the highly talented Redondo out of his squad.

If peculiar managerial behaviour is going to be a decisive factor in France, as in past World Cups, then it is hard to see how anyone can match the Argentinian coach, though I suppose there is still time for Brazil's Mario Zagallo to take a firm and courageous stand against players with big gaps between their front teeth.

Bangor National Hunt meeting

TIME	TOBY FALEY	TOP FORM
11.50	Easton Road	Enders Road
12.20	Good Gower	Fourth In Line
12.50	Widder	Yamato
1.20	Coniston Jumper	After The Fox
1.50	Midford Wander	Midford Wander
2.20	River Wye	River Wye
2.50	Valley Of Hope	Valley Of Hope

Cricket, flat, handed track of 15m with 325yd run-in. Fairly sharp with tight bends. Good. 4-5. Dances. Heavy. Long distance straight. Little Ball (3.25) Miss A Newell-Smith, Sussex, 241 miles. Score day. Winner. None. Blanked first time. 1.20 Good For A Lion. Winner: None. Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. F.Fat.

11.50 PENNYCOTE HURDLE
2m 11f 12yds 23,583 (14 declared)

1-10	Easton Road (2) (9) (10) (11) (12) (13) (14) (15) (16) (17) (18) (19) (20) (21) (22) (23) (24) (25) (26) (27) (28) (29) (30) (31) (32) (33) (34) (35) (36) (37) (38) (39) (40) (41) (42) (43) (44) (45) (46) (47) (48) (49) (50) (51) (52) (53) (54) (55) (56) (57) (58) (59) (60) (61) (62) (63) (64) (65) (66) (67) (68) (69) (70) (71) (72) (73) (74) (75) (76) (77) (78) (79) (80) (81) (82) (83) (84) (85) (86) (87) (88) (89) (90) (91) (92) (93) (94) (95) (96) (97) (98) (99) (100) (101) (102) (103) (104) (105) (106) (107) (108) (109) (110) (111) (112) (113) (114) (115) (116) (117) (118) (119) (120) (121) (122) (123) (124) (125) (126) (127) (128) (129) (130) (131) (132) (133) (134) (135) (136) (137) (138) (139) (140) (141) (142) (143) (144) (145) (146) (147) (148) (149) (150) (151) (152) (153) (154) (155) (156) (157) (158) (159) (160) (161) (162) (163) (164) (165) (166) (167) (168) (169) (170) (171) (172) (173) (174) (175) (176) (177) (178) (179) (180) (181) (182) (183) (184) (185) (186) (187) (188) (189) (190) (191) (192) (193) (194) (195) (196) (197) (198) (199) (200) (201) (202) (203) (204) (205) (206) (207) (208) (209) (210) (211) (212) (213) (214) (215) (216) (217) (218) (219) (220) (221) (222) (223) (224) (225) (226) (227) (228) (229) (230) (231) (232) (233) (234) (235) (236) (237) (238) (239) (240) (241) (242) (243) (244) (245) (246) (247) (248) (249) (250) (251) (252) (253) (254) (255) (256) (257) (258) (259) (260) (261) (262) (263) (264) (265) (266) (267) (268) (269) (270) (271) (272) (273) (274) (275) (276) (277) (278) (279) (280) (281) (282) (283) (284) (285) (286) (287) (288) (289) (290) (291) (292) (293) (294) (295) (296) (297) (298) (299) (300) (301) (302) (303) (304) (305) (306) (307) (308) (309) (310) (311) (312) (313) (314) (315) (316) (317) (318) (319) (320) (321) (322) (323) (324) (325) (326) (327) (328) (329) (330) (331) (332) (333) (334) (335) (336) (337) (338) (339) (340) (341) (342) (343) (344) (345) (346) (347) (348) (349) (350) (351) (352) (353) (354) (355) (356) (357) (358) (359) (360) (361) (362) (363) (364) (365) (366) (367) (368) (369) (370) (371) (372) (373) (374) (375) (376) (377) (378) (379) (380) (381) (382) (383) (384) (385) (386) (387) (388) (389) (390) (391) (392) (393) (394) (395) (396) (397) (398) (399) (400) (401) (402) (403) (404) (405) (406) (407) (408) (409) (410) (411) (412) (413) (414) (415) (416) (417) (418) (419) (420) (421) (422) (423) (424) (425) (426) (427) (428) (429) (430) (431) (432) (433) (434) (435) (436) (437) (438) (439) (440) (441) (442) (443) (444) (445) (446) (447) (448) (449) (450) (451) (452) (453) (454) (455) (456) (457) (458) (459) (460) (461) (462) (463) (464) (465) (466) (467) (468) (469) (470) (471) (472) (473) (474) (475) (476) (477) (478) (479) (480) (481) (482) (483) (484) (485) (486) (487) (488) (489) (490) (491) (492) (493) (494) (495) (496) (497) (498) (499) (500) (501) (502) (503) (504) (505) (506) (507) (508) (509) (510) (511) (512) (513) (514) (515) (516) (517) (518) (519) (520) (521) (522) (523) (524) (525) (526) (527) (528) (529) (530) (531) (532) (533) (534) (535) (536) (537) (538) (539) (540) (541) (542) (543) (544) (545) (546) (547) (548) (549) (550) (551) (552) (553) (554) (555) (556) (557) (558) (559) (560) (561) (562) (563) (564) (565) (566) (567) (568) (569) (570) (571) (572) (573) (574) (575) (576) (577) (578) (579) (580) (581) (582) (583) (584) (585) (586) (587) (588) (589) (590) (591) (592) (593) (594) (595) (596) (597) (598) (599) (600) (601) (602) (603) (604) (605) (606) (607) (608) (609) (610) (611) (612) (613) (614) (615) (616) (617) (618) (619) (620) (621) (622) (623) (624) (625) (626) (627) (628) (629) (630) (631) (632) (633) (634) (635) (636) (637) (638) (639) (640) (641) (642) (643) (644) (645) (646) (647) (648) (649) (650) (651) (652) (653) (654) (655) (656) (657) (658) (659) (660) (661) (662) (663) (664) (665) (666) (667) (668) (669) (670) (671) (672) (673) (674) (675) (676) (677) (678) (679) (680) (681) (682) (683) (684) (685) (686) (687) (688) (689) (690) (691) (692) (693) (694) (695) (696) (697) (698) (699) (700) (701) (702) (703) (704) (705) (706) (707) (708) (709) (710) (711) (712) (713) (714) (715) (716) (717) (718) (719) (720) (721) (722) (723) (724) (725) (726) (727) (728) (729) (730) (731) (732) (733) (734) (735) (736) (737) (738) (739) (740) (741) (742) (743) (744) (745) (746) (747) (748) (749) (750) (751) (752) (753) (754) (755) (756) (757) (758) (759) (760) (761) (762) (763) (764) (765) (766) (767) (768) (769) (770) (771) (772) (773) (774) (775) (776) (777) (778) (779) (780) (781) (782) (783) (784) (785) (786) (787) (788) (789) (790) (791) (792) (793) (794) (795) (796) (797) (798) (799) (800) (801) (802) (803) (804) (805) (806) (807) (808) (809) (810) (811) (812) (813) (814) (815) (816) (817) (818) (819) (820) (821) (822) (823) (824) (825) (826) (827) (828) (829) (830) (831) (832) (833) (834) (835) (836) (837) (838) (839) (840) (841) (842) (843) (844) (845) (846) (847) (848) (849) (850) (851) (852) (853) (854) (855) (856) (857) (858) (859) (860) (861) (862) (863) (864) (865) (866) (867) (868) (869) (870) (871) (872) (873) (874) (875) (876) (877) (878) (879) (880) (881) (882) (883) (884) (885) (886) (887) (888) (889) (890) (891) (892) (893) (894) (895) (896) (897) (898) (899) (900) (901) (902) (903) (904) (905) (906) (907) (908) (909) (910) (911) (912) (913) (914) (915) (916) (917) (918) (919) (920) (921) (922) (923) (924) (925) (926) (927) (928) (929) (930) (931) (932) (933) (934) (935) (936) (937) (938) (939) (940) (941) (942) (943) (944) (945) (946) (947) (948) (949) (950) (951) (952) (953) (954) (955) (956) (957) (958) (959) (960) (961) (962) (963) (964) (965) (966) (967) (968) (969) (970) (971) (972) (973) (974) (975) (976) (977) (978) (979) (980) (981) (982) (983) (984) (985) (986) (987) (988) (989) (990) (991) (992) (993) (994) (995) (996) (997) (998) (999) (1000) (1001) (1002) (1003) (1004) (1005) (1006) (1007) (1008) (1009) (1010) (1011) (1012) (1013) (1014) (1015) (1016) (1017) (1018) (1019) (1020) (1021) (1022) (1023) (1024) (1025) (1026) (1027) (1028) (1029) (1030) (1031) (1032) (1033) (1034) (1035) (1036) (1037) (1038) (1039) (1040) (1041) (1042) (1043) (1044) (1045) (1046) (1047) (1048) (1049) (1050) (1051) (1052) (1053) (1054) (1055) (1056) (1057) (1058) (1059) (1060) (1061) (1062) (1063) (1064) (1065) (1066) (1067) (1068) (1069) (1070) (1071) (1072) (1073) (1074) (1075) (1076) (1077) (1078) (1079) (1080) (1081) (1082) (1083) (1084) (1085) (1086) (1087) (1088) (1089) (1090) (1091) (1092) (1093) (1094) (1095) (1096) (1097) (1098) (1099) (1100) (1101) (1102) (1103) (1104) (1105) (1106) (1107) (1108) (1109) (1110) (1111) (1112) (1113) (1114) (1115) (1116) (1117) (1118) (1119) (1120) (1121) (1122) (1123) (1124) (1125) (1126) (1127) (1128) (1129) (1130) (1131) (1132) (1133) (1134) (1135) (1136) (1137) (1138) (1139) (1140) (1141) (1142) (1143) (1144) (1145) (1146) (1147) (1148) (1149) (1150) (1151) (1152) (1153) (1154) (1155) (1156) (1157) (1158) (1159) (1160) (1161) (1162) (1163) (1164) (1165) (1166) (1167) (1168) (1169) (1170) (1171) (1172) (1173) (1174) (1175) (1176) (1177) (1178) (1179) (1180) (1181) (1182) (1183) (1184) (1185) (1186) (1187) (1188) (1189) (1190) (1191) (1192) (1193) (1194) (1195) (1196) (1197) (1198) (1199) (1200) (1201) (1202) (1203) (1204) (1205) (1206) (1207) (1208) (1209) (1210) (1211) (1212) (1213) (1214) (1215) (1216) (1217) (1218) (1219) (1220) (1221) (1222) (1223) (1224) (1225) (1226) (1227) (1228) (1229) (1230) (1231) (1232) (1233) (1234) (1235) (1236) (1237) (1238) (1239) (1240) (1241) (1242) (1243) (1244) (1245) (1246) (1247) (1248) (1249) (1250) (1251) (1252) (1253) (1254) (1255) (1256) (1257) (1258) (1259) (1260) (1261) (1262) (1263) (1264) (1265) (1266) (1267) (1268) (1269) (1270) (1271) (1272) (1273) (1274) (1275) (1276) (1277) (1278) (1279) (1280) (1281) (1282) (1283) (1284) (1285) (1286) (1287) (1288) (1289) (1290) (1291) (1292) (1293) (1294) (1295) (1296) (1297) (1298) (1299) (1300) (1301) (1302) (1303) (1304) (1305) (1306) (1307) (1308) (1309) (1310) (1311) (1312) (1313) (1314) (1315) (1316) (1317) (1318) (1319) (1320) (1321) (1322) (1323) (1324) (1325) (1326) (1327) (1328) (1329) (1330) (1331) (1332) (1333) (1334) (1335) (1336) (1337) (1338) (1339) (1340) (1341) (1342) (1343) (1344) (1345) (1346) (1347) (1348) (1349) (1350) (1351) (1352) (1353) (1354) (1355) (1356) (1357) (1358) (1359) (1360) (1361) (1362) (1363) (1364) (1365) (1366) (1367) (1368) (1369) (1370) (1371) (1372) (1373) (1374) (1375) (1376) (1377) (1378) (1379) (1380) (1381) (1382) (1383) (1384) (1385) (1386) (1387) (1388) (1389) (1390) (1391) (1392) (1393) (1394) (1395) (1396) (1397) (1398) (1399) (1400) (1401) (1402) (1403) (1404) (1405) (1406) (1407) (1408) (1409) (1410) (1411) (1412) (1413) (1414) (1415) (1416) (1417) (1418) (1419) (1420) (1421) (1422) (1423) (1424) (1425) (1426) (1427) (1428) (1429) (1430) (1431) (1432) (1433) (1434) (1435) (1436) (1437) (1438) (1439) (1440) (1441) (1442) (1443) (1444) (1445) (1446) (1447) (1448) (1449) (1450) (1451) (1452) (1453) (1454) (1455) (1456) (1457) (1458) (1459) (1460) (1461) (1462) (1463) (1464) (1465) (1466) (1467) (1468) (1469) (1470) (1471) (1472) (1473) (1474) (1475) (1476) (1477) (1478) (1479) (1480) (1481) (1482) (1483) (1484) (1485) (1486) (1487) (1488) (1489) (1490) (1491) (1492) (1493) (1494) (1495) (1496) (1497) (1498) (1499) (1500) (1501) (1502) (1503) (1504) (1505) (1506) (1507) (1508) (1509) (1510) (1511) (1512) (1513) (1514) (1515) (1516) (1517) (1518) (1519) (1520) (1521)
------	---